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G.A. Monmouth
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W. H. B. Somerset
9/2/25

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
ACCOUNTS
OF THE
ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE
OF
RAGLAND CASTLE,
AND A
VARIETY OF OTHER PARTICULARS,
DESERVING THE STRANGER'S NOTICE,
RELATING TO
THAT MUCH ADMIRED RUIN,
AND ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD.
COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS
AND UNQUESTIONABLE AUTHORITIES.

BY CHARLES HEATH.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

MONMOUTH,
PRINTED AND SOLD BY HIM, IN THE MARKET PLACE:
SOLD ALSO AT ALL THE TOWNS IN THE COUNTY,
AND BY LONGMAN AND CO. LONDON.

1813.

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CONTENTS.

ROAD FROM MONMOUTH TO RAGLAND,

Including Notices of Wonastow, Dingatstow, &c.
Ancient State of Ragland Castle, from an original Manuscript
Original Notes and Observations on the same, by Mr. Tregoze
Curious Account of Baronial Splendour at that period
List of the Household, and Method of Living at the Castle
An Account of the Siege
The Articles of Capitulation
Observation on the present State of the Castle, the Parks, Sir Thomas Fairfax's Camp, &c.
Church Notes for Ragland, with a Description of the Vault and Names of the Beaufort Family there interred
Collectanea,—containing Anecdotes of King Charles, Marquis of Worcester, Dr. Bailey, &c.
Etymology, and brief Notices of Ragland
Mr. Oates's House, Keventilla, General Fairfax's head quarters
Brief Notices of the Parish of Landenny, the Dairy Farm to the Castle
Anecdotes of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

ROAD FROM RAGLAND TO ABERGAVENNY.

Notices of Lanarth House, with Clytha House and Castle
Hill-Grove, with the View from that delightful residence
Lansantfraed, where the Jenkin's were seated, and from whom the Earl of Pembroke, who resided at Ragland Castle, was descended, with curious Notices of the Pembroke family
Monument in the above Church, &c.
Concluding with Coldbrook, the Seat of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K. B.—Notices of his Portrait, &c.—and from thence to Abergavenny.

THE ROAD FROM MONMOUTH

TO

RAGLAND.

*** It may be necessary to inform the Stranger, that from Monmouth to Abergavenny, by way of Ragland, is two miles further than the direct line of communication; but it is an excellent turnpike road, and in the village is a very good inn, where carriage and other company will meet with good wines, post chaises, and pleasant accommodations.

AMONG the many Agrarian Fortresses scattered over this part of the kingdom, the ancient residences of distinguished families, which still rear their ivy-mantled heads, and, though silently, yet forcibly, remind us of the instability of human grandeur, there is not one more worthy the traveller's attention than Ragland Castle.

In surveying the generality of these edifices, we are left in doubt or obscurity respecting either their founders, or families who resided in them; their uses, or the hands which shivered them into ruins; but in walking round THIS Castle, every part may be so distinctly traced, and its purposes so immediately applied, that imagination has nothing to conjecture. Indeed, the events which produced its fall are of so recent a date, that they may be said to exist—at least till very lately—in the memories of many inhabitants of the village and its neighbourhood.

It is situated about eight miles from Monmouth, near the road between thence and Abergavenny,—gives name to one of the Hundreds of the county, and the dignity of a Baron to the honours of the Duke of Beaufort.

On leaving Monmouth, the road leads for near two miles through a pleasant inclosed valley, skirted by gentle swellings, cloathed or cultivated to their summits; but gaining the higher grounds at

WONASTOW,

the view unfolds itself in a beautiful and extensive manner, over a rich and fertile country, bounded by the Breconshire and other mountains; among which the Blorens, Yscarith-fawr,* and the Sugar-loaf, make the most prominent appearance.

Wonastow is derived from *St. Wona*, the name of an Ancient-British Saint,—who probably had a Cell here, and *Stowe*, Saxon, which signifies a 'place or dwelling.' It is called, in the Welch language, *Llan-warrow*, which corresponds with its original meaning.†

This estate, which, in point of rental, ranks amongst the FIRST in MONMOUTHSHIRE, formerly belonged to the MILBORNE family; till by the marriage of MARY (sole heiress), to Thomas Swinnerton, esq. of Butterton-hall, in the county of Stafford, it became his property. We are extremely sorry to add, that this Lady died in 1795, leaving issue three daughters.

* Yscarith Fawr signifieth in Welch, "the great separation,"—and is so called, to distinguish it from others of less prominency near it. The Sugar-loaf mountain is so named, from its conical form.

† On the authority of Dr. Griffin.

On

On the site of the family mansion (lately taken down) Mr. Swinnerton has erected a handsome house, and is now further modernizing the premises,—which, when completed, will prove a great ornament to this part of the country.

Over the gateway, at some height, is preserved a large stone, lately restored by Mr. Swinnerton, on which the following arms are quartered, viz.

Parte per pale, 3 lions rampant.—Herbert.
Three pike, 2 and 1, haurient.
Three escallop shells. Milborne.
A lion rampant, regardant.

They are decorated with the Herbert supporters,—and the crest of Prince Drynbennog, "A head, the neck enwrapped with snakes."

Elm and other timber, the growth of very many years, added a beauty, as well as value, to the property; but from the high prices given for that article, a large portion of them have lately bowed their towering heads to the all-powerful stroke of the woodman.

The grounds near the road from Monmouth to Wonastow, are planted with chesnut trees; which, when in blossom, have a cheerful appearance in the early part of the year. It was a favorite tree with the late Mr. Milborne, to whose care they are indebted for their present situations.

THE PARISH CHURCH,

Is situated close to the mansion; but it is a very small one, consisting only of a nave without side aisles, and a low

low tower adjoining to the West end. In the Chancel, is a mural monument to the memory of George Milborne, esq. who died in 1673 ;—and on the pillar that supports the centre arch of the church, within the reading desk, is an inscription, in Saxon character,—probably the name of the builder of the church, or that of some person interested in the erection.

About two miles from Wonastow, and in the same parish, stands

TRE-OWEN,

(A NOBLE MANSION)

The name is derived from the Welch, which signifies *Owen's House*, or *Home*,*—in all probability called after the original owner, and has continued to be so to the present day.

The late William Jones, esq. of Clytha, whose family descended from the proprietors of this place, furnished a pedigree of his family (inserted in Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire), from king Henry I,—1100—down to himself and nephew, John Jones, esq. of Lanarth Court, in whose possession it now remains.

The last of the family, that made it a residence, was Sir Philip Jones, knt. lieut.-colonel of the troops raised in Monmouthshire for king Charles I. This gentleman, his lady, and family, were in Ragland castle with the Marquis of Worcester, when it surrendered to the Parliament forces,—since which time it appears to have been tenanted by farmers, who rented the estate.

* On the authority of Dr. Griffin.

It

It occupies a commanding situation, being placed on the top of a ridgy hill, from whence are surveyed some of the most beautiful parts of Monmouthshire.

The approach to the house is through a narrow lane; but surrounded as it is with out-buildings, it makes no figure from this aspect, till we enter close upon it.

A lofty porch, with double pilasters on each side, fluted, and rich carved capitals, ornament the chief front; over which, in the centre, is placed a square stone, charged with the armorial bearings of nine different noblemen and other characters, formerly of high rank and interest in this county:

1. Parte per pale, three lions rampant. Herbert. [Afterwards created Earls of Pembroke.]
2. A fesse lozengy. Bernard Newark, Lord of Brecknock.
3. A chevron between three buck's heads. An escutcheon charged with a bugle horn stringed. Sir Pierce Huntley.
4. Two ravens, and file of 4 points. Corbet of Alencester.
5. A cross with five mullets pierced. Blethyn Broadspear.
6. A maunch. Hastings, Earl of Pembroke.
7. Two bendlets. Milo, Earl of Hereford.
8. Three fleur de lys. The heiress of Gwerndee, married to Proger, whose arms he bore, she being a great heiress.
9. A fesse, and file of 4 points.

The CREST,—A female head crined.*

Unmeaning figures, also carved in stone, designed for ornament, contribute to the embellishments, which are in good preservation.

* The kindness of the late William Jones, esq. permitted me to appropriate these Arms, by comparing them with the pedigree of his family, before mentioned.

Through

Through this porch you enter a wide passage, that divides the ground floor. On the left side is the present kitchen, which is of such a height, that the occupier is obliged to make use of a *long ladder* to take the *delicious gammon* off the hook on which it is suspended.

The principal room, on the right hand, is near fourteen yards long, and seven wide; the beams are supported by four stone pillars, and the cornices ornamented with a curious frieze. At the lower end are the letters W. I. — 1627, carved upon the ancient oak wainscoat, the initials of one of its former owners.

A correspondent dignity pervaded the whole house. A STAIRCASE,* *two yards wide*, consisting of *seventy-two steps*, with worm balustrades, each near twelve inches in circumference, the newels on the quarter spaces two feet round, *the whole of solid oak*, which still remains perfect, led to the bedchambers; but the rooms on the upper floors are all converted into more convenient apartments, for the use of the tenant's family.

The principal front was much higher than it now appears; but the roof falling to decay, it was taken down, which is the reason of its being lower than the back part of it.

The pleasure grounds, which surrounded the house, are converted into farm lands; and the fish-ponds, of which there were several, are all drained, their dam heads having been cut through, in which state they now remain.

* I think there is not, taken altogether, such another in the kingdom.

In

In short, EVERY PART seems to have been laid out on such an EXTENSIVE scale, as to give reason for supposing, that when it was occupied by Mr. Jones's ancestors, it was one of the most beautiful seats in this county.

But, alas! a kindred fate seems to await the generality of these mansions. Ill suited for the accommodation of persons of fortune of the present day, they are let to farmers, for whose purposes they are equally inconvenient. The duty attached to a multiplicity of windows (with which they abound), and other circumstances, induce them to call in the aid of the mason, who soon pulls down, or stops up, whatever may be deemed useless or superfluous, regardless of the grandeur or beauty which might recommend it to protection.

Yet, under all the dilapidations which these edifices suffer, from rude and ignorant hands, SOMETHING, to the eye of observation, still remains, *to tell the tale*. As the *manners* of a gentleman are always discernible, however clouded, or obscured, his exterior may be, by a reverse of fortune.

There was living at Staenton (in Glocestershire) near Monmouth, in the year 1796, a widow woman, of the name of Lucy Reynolls, at the very advanced age of *One Hundred and Nine Years!* whom curiosity prompted the writer to visit, and to whom she gave the following account:—She was the daughter of John and Mary Jane, and born at Pre-Owen, her parents occupying the farm. In directing

directing his enquiries to the state of the mansion when they lived there, she said, "*It was a brave place,*"—and on wishing her to describe, What space of ground it occupied? replied, "The buildings extended as far as the edge of the present turnpike road."

[This assertion the present tenant of Tre-Owen does not wholly believe, though stones of a large size are lying about very near it, which, from their shape, seem to have been used for building purposes But Mr. Jones, of Clytha, informed me, that a considerable part of the buildings have been taken down within his memory.]

The fish-ponds, above mentioned, were all destroyed before her time, nor could she point out any thing else relating to it, more than is already noticed,

She was a woman of short stature—rather inclined to corpulency, but possessed the faculty of memory, hearing, and speech, in wonderful perfection, replying to questions with a quickness and fluency of utterance bordering on rapidity,—and her voice was both full, clear, and distinct, as those who attended on her (and particularly if her meals were not duly served,) could amply vouch for. Neither her hands, fingers, or nails, were shrivled or contracted, but remained as fine and as soft as a lady's, who had been exempted all her life from the most trifling domestic duties. She had been deprived of her sight some years, for which misfortune she received a pension of Ten Pounds per annum, from that benevolent institution the Emanuel Hospital, in London.

Under

Under the same roof with the old Lady lived—Her daughter, her grand-daughter, and great grand-children (the latter a beautiful and healthy little flock); making *four generations in one house!*

A few days after the Writer saw her, she walked out for the benefit of the air; but, through rejecting all aid in being led, she fell over the step of the door on her return into the house, which brought on an illness, that (after lingering two months), terminated in her death. Had not this accident happened, there is just reason for thinking, her life would have been protracted to a very great extent of years. She was in such good health and spirits at the time this visit was paid, that he promised himself a frequent repetition—but who can say that "to-morrow shall be a day of happiness?"

With regard to public events,—she well remembered the rejoicing in England on the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of these realms, in the year 1702.

She lived in the reigns of FIVE Monarchs, viz. King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, Kings George I, II. and III. and if born before Feb. 13, 1689, under SIX, because that would include James II.

Passing the bridge over the river TROTHY, at the bottom of the hill, we enter the parish of

DINGATSTOW,

Which word (on the authority of the late Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock), is derived from DINGAT, the name of a *Saint*, and STOW [Saxon] a place or dwelling; who like St. Wona, at the parish before described, probably had a Cell here. It is called in Welch Llandingat, which may be deemed corresponding testimony of its derivation, it

signifying the Church of St. Dingat,—but now corrupted to *Dinneston*.

In a schedule of the estates of William Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Northampton, taken in the 8th of Edward IV. (1469) he is there said to have died seised of the Castle and Lordship of Dingatstow, in the marches of Wales, among other large possessions in this part of the kingdom.

The Castle was situated on the north side of the church, and in the memory of man a remaining part was inhabited by a farmer of the name of Anthony; but it has since been pulled down, and the stones hauled away to mend the turnpike road, so that a vestige of it does not now remain, nor is the scite but partially remembered. But what renders Dingatstow memorable is, its being the birth-place and residence of *Richard Jones*, esq. a distinguished character, whom the inhabitants of Monmouthshire familiarly called

HAPPY DICK.

He was the son of Richard Jones, esq. of Dingatstow Court, who possessed about six hundred pounds a year in the parish and neighbourhood, to which he succeeded. Having lived a gay life, he chose, at the latter part of it, to marry Miss Milborne, of Wonastow, a maiden lady, aged 60, who enjoyed a fortune of ten thousand pounds; —which connexion, though it produced no offspring, gave birth to the following excellent

SONG.

HOW comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you, with taste uncommon,
Have serv'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?
Happy, happy, Dick!*

Each belle condemns the choice
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly,
Happy, happy, Dick!

* After the publication of these Lines, he was always called "Happy Dick."

Though

Though odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you venture,
Yet in ten thousand pounds,
Ten thousand charms are centred,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Beauty, you know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd flower;
Nor can the fairest maid
Insure her bloom an hour,
Happy, happy, Dick!

But, wisely, you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient;
As the curious value coin,
The more for being ancient,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Observing hence, by you,
In marriage such decorum,
Still wiser youths shall do
As you have done before 'em,
Happy, happy, Dick!

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her;
While she herself shall be
The self-same thing you found her,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Oft is the marriage state
With jealousy attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended,
Happy, happy, Dick!

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under;
She's your's alone for life,
Or much we all shall wonder,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Her death would grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you;
My life, she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you,
Happy, happy, Dick!

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in childbed die,
Unless the Devil's in her,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Some have the name of HELL
To matrimony given;
How falsely, you can tell,
Who find it such a heaven,
Happy, happy, Dick!

Each day of yours, and night,
Is crown'd with joy and gladness;
While envious virgins bite
Their hated sheets for madness,
Happy, happy, Dick!

With spouse long share the bliss
You'd miss in any other;
And, when you've buried this,
May you have such another,
Happy, happy, Dick!

The author's name was Gwyn, who, before he came to Monmouth, resided in London; but enjoying a very indifferent state of health, the Haberdasher's Company, trustees to the Charity, appointed him second master of the Free Grammar School in this town.

It was frequently sung at convivial meetings in Monmouth, though time has nearly hurried its point to oblivion: nor is it less singular than true, that instead

of

of feeling *hurt*, as many people would, at being made the subject of a laughable ballad, *no man enjoyed the wit, or sung the lines with greater glee, than the character on whom they were written.*

Of his behaviour to his Lady, public report is not very creditable; for, after taking possession of her property, he is said to have disclaimed all further connexion, and not to have lived with her a second day under the same roof. At the decline of his life, as he survived his Lady (whose property he held only during her existence), he sold his estate to Mr. Duberly, Soho square, London; and for 1000*l.* of the purchase money, Mr. G. Catchmayd, attorney, Monmouth, granted him an annuity of 100*l.*; after which, he retired to Usk, where he built himself a house; but soon as it was finished for his reception, he paid the debt of Nature, in the 74th year of his age. Whether Mr. Gwyn thought his memory deserving of public record, cannot now be ascertained; but a bard, of no mean talent, has given him the following character, by way of an EPITAPH:

"The feast is ended, and the reck'ning's paid,
"And, underneath, once HAPPY DICK is laid;
"Doom'd there to keep an everlasting fast,
"Who reign'd on earth sole arbiter of taste;
"All that was dainty smoak'd upon his board,*
"His friends regal'd, and treated like a lord;
"But when he found his life grew near the dusk,
"He left the world, and hid himself in USK;
"And should the Reader ask,—The reason why,
"'Twas to FORGET to EAT, and LEARN to DIE!"

* It is true that Mr. Jones was an avowed disciple of Epicurus;—but no man dispensed the luxuries of his table to his friends with a more generous heart. Some goblets, formerly belonging to him, were preserved by the late Mr. William Duberly, of Monmouth,—from which, in that beverage their former owner loved, I at my friend's table have drank, in HAPPY moments, to his equally happy memory. They are now in my possession,—presented to me by his family. Mr. Jones

Mr. Jones had much in his appearance of the ancient yeomanry of England: he was a fine athletic figure, stood 6 feet 3 inches high, and well proportioned. Fond of the amusements of the country, he excelled in field sports, particularly shooting, (being reckoned one of the *first shots* in the neighbourhood) to which diversion, in the season, he devoted a great portion of his time.

The writer expected to have met with some Portraits of Mr. Jones's family; but sorry he is to relate, that, though the rooms contained a great many, from want of care they either were suffered to decay, or else torn down, and the frames made use of to light the fires.

The house is situated near the road side, and, while Mr. Duberly possessed it, a considerable sum of money was spent in modern improvements, which has rendered it a pleasant residence. He also enlarged the property, by the purchase of considerable estates adjacent. At his decease the whole devolved to five daughters, joint heiresses, with whom it continued till the year 1800, when it was sold to SAMUEL BOSANQUET, Esq. of Forest House, Epping, who has further improved the premises for his summer residence.

The South aspect, now a fine lawn, was, in Mr. Jones's days, a very large orchard, and some of the trees are here and there remaining. At the bottom of this orchard was a spacious fish-pond, which covered two acres and a half of ground, with others of less size, richly stocked with fish, and on it Mr. Jones kept a pleasure boat, for the amusement of himself and visitors. These ponds are now converted into meadow land, though the forms are still remaining.

During the troublesome times of Charles I. Mr. Jones's ancestors appeared to have sided with the Royal Cause;

for among the gentlemen who suffered in this county for their attachment to his Majesty, Mr. Richard Jones, of this place, is said to have lost *three hundred pounds*.

At the above period, the fish in the Ponds were sold, by the Parliament forces, for fifty pounds.

THE PARISH CHURCH,

Is situated in a valley, and near the river Trothy, surrounded by fine meadow and corn lands, but it is a mean building, and has nothing to attract the eye of curiosity, consisting only of a nave without side aisles.—From its very simple construction, I judge it to be of considerable antiquity.

About a mile to the northward of the church, and in this parish, stand the remains of a monastery, called

GRACE DIEU;

Or the Abbey of God's Grace, on the River Trothy: a small abbey of the Cistercian order, built in the year 1226 [10 Henry III.] by John of Monmouth, knt. to the honour of the Blessed Virgin. Here were, 26 Henry VIII. [1535] only two monks, and possessions to the value of 19*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* per annum, according to Sir William Dugdale, but 26*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* in the whole, according to a M.S. in the First Fruit's office. It was granted 37 Henry VIII. [1546] to Thomas Herbert and William Bretton. It is called at the present day,

"PARKER'S DIEU,"

Being a corruption of *par grace Dieu*. The buildings have been converted into a dwelling-house, and are occupied by Mr. Cummins, who rents the farm.

The Convent Seal was in the possession of the late John P. Lorymer, Esq. Penthyre, near Monmouth.

A short

A short distance from Dingatstow Court, on the right hand side of the road, stands

TY-MAWR,

Which, in Welch, signifies "the Great House." Whatever it might have been it is now reduced to a plain dwelling, and occupied by Mr. Roberts, who rents the estate.

THE ARTHEE,

Which is situated in the parish of Tregare, near the road where we turn for Ragland, is also occupied by a farmer, who holds the estate under Mrs. Chaworth, sister to the late Mrs. Pytt, of Ragland.

Both the above houses and estates were formerly the property and residence of the Williams family, people of great respectability,—branches of the house of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, in this county.

THE WELL

THAT SUPPLIED RAGLAND CASTLE WITH WATER,

In a field adjoining the road, on the left hand, after passing the sixth mile stone, stands the building which enclosed the Well, and within it the Well which supplied Ragland Castle with water,—from which it is distant near two miles. In confirmation of this assertion, many of the PIPES, which conveyed it, have been ploughed up in the fields in which they were laid, not only by former occupiers of the Castle Farm, but also by Mr. T. DANIEL, the late tenant. These pipes were of two sorts, viz. lead and earthen-ware; but many of them were purposely dug up, and sold, by the chief carpenter under the present Duke of Beaufort's grandfather.

Mr.

Mr. Daniel was so obliging as to favour me with a piece of this pipe,—which is made of clay, but so well and judiciously burnt, that though it had lain under ground some centuries, would still defy the injuries of time and weather for ages to come. Judging from the part in my possession, they appear to have been made with *bell mouths*, and fixed one within the other. It measures ten inches in circumference,—the diameter of the bore two inches, which would throw about 200 gallons of water per minute. No opinion can be formed of their length from the above fragment, it being only four inches.

It appears to me, that Sir Thomas Fairfax was unacquainted with the circumstance of the Castle drawing its supply of so necessary an article from this source, though distant only a mile from his camp. That this was probable, there is good reason for thinking, because, without doubt, he would have destroyed it during the siege, had he known of it; whereas it is now quite perfect, except the roof, which, being decayed by time, might have been taken down, to prevent its falling in.

THE WARRAGE.

The farm house, beyond the Well, is called the *Warrage*, from its being the place where the *Army Horses* were kept belonging to the Castle, until brought from thence into the garrison previous to the siege.

From hence, a very pleasant road conducts us to

RAGLAND.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

ACCOUNTS

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE.

THIS Castle was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Banbury.* It came into the noble family of Worcester by Sir Chas. Somerset's marrying Elizabeth, the grandchild of the said William Earl of Pembroke, heir to his son William Earl of Huntingdon, and heir-general to all the Herberts in England. This Sir Charles Somerset was *the first Earl of Worcester* of this line.

The Castle is situated on a hill, called, before the Castle was built, *Twyn-y-Ciros*, which signifieth, in Welch, the *Cherry Hill*. When in its splendour it was reckoned one of the finest buildings in England.

In a direct line were three Gates; the first of brick, from which, at the distance of 180 feet, by the ascent of many steps, was the White Gate, built of square stone, 150 feet from the Castle.

At some distance, on the left side, stands

THE TOWER-MELIN-Y-GWENT,†

The Yellow Tower of Gwent,

Which, for height, strength, and neatness, surpassed most, if not every other tower, in England or

* The PEDIGREE of this family, and an INSCRIPTION on a stone in Abergavenny Church, say, that though taken prisoner at the Battle of Banbury, he was beheaded at Northampton, and buried in Tintern Abbey, in this county.

† Monmouthshire was anciently called 'Gwent,' or 'Gwentland.'

Wales. It had six outsides; that is, it was of a sexangular form, each thirty-two feet broad, the walls ten feet thick, all made of square stone, well built, in height five stories, and commanded a delightful view of the surrounding country. Its battlements being but eight inches thick, were soon broken by the shot of great guns; but the tower itself received little or no damage, from bullets of 18 or 20lbs. weight, at the rate of sixty shot a day.

This tower was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, encompassed about with an out-wall, with six arched turrets, with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining to a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial Water Work, which spouted up water to the height of the Castle.

Next unto it was a pleasant walk, set forth with several figures of the Roman Emperors, in arches of divers varieties of shell work.

Within the walls and the green adjoining (then the Bowling Green, being twelve feet higher than the walk,) on the right hand, was a Garden Plat, answerable in proportion to the Tower. Next unto this Plat stood the Stables and Barns, lately built like a small town.

The Castle Gate hath a fair square Tower on each side, with battlements, having four arched rooms one above the other, conjoined over the gates, with two arches, one above the other. Within this Gate was

The Pitched Stone Court,—One hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-eight broad. On the right side thereof was the Closet Tower: like the former, it had three arched rooms of eighteen feet in the clear inside every way. Straight forward was the way to

The

The Kitchen Tower,—Of six outsides, each twenty-five feet broad: the Kitchen twenty-five feet in the clear inside, and about twenty feet high, having two chimnies, besides the boiler; the Wet Larder under it arched, of the same bigness, and the room above likewise done.

About the middle of this Pitched Stone Court was the Passage into

The Stately Hall,—Sixty-six feet long, and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof, built with Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top for light; besides a compass window, sixteen feet high in the light; and as much in compass, with two or three large windows more at the upper end. On the right side was the way to the Parlour, being forty-nine feet long, and twenty-one feet broad, which was noted as well for the fair inside wainscots, and curious carved figures, as also for the rare and artificial stone-work of the flat arch, in a large and fair compass window on the south side, beaten down by the enemy's great guns; and two great windows at each end. Before the entrance into the Parlour, on the right side were the stairs to

The Dining Room.—Of the same proportion as the Parlour. On the other side was the door to

The Gallery,—One hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many fair windows, but the most pleasant was the window at the farthest end.

That part of the Castle standing out like a tower, being about sixty feet high, was the most pleasant for aspect. Under the stairs was the way to the *Beer Cellar*, forty-nine feet and an half long, and fifteen broad:—Then to the *Wine Cellar*, forty-three feet and an half long, and sixteen feet and an half broad. There were three

three Cellars more, one as large as the former, all well arched. At the lower end of the Hall was the *Buttery*, thirty-two feet long and eighteen broad;—Next unto it the *Pantry*, of like bigness.

At the entrance of the Hall, straight forward by the *Chapel*, forty feet long, on the left hand, was

A large Court.—One hundred feet long, and sixty feet broad, particularly arched and carved like the Paved Court; very remarkable not only for the curious carved stone work of the walls and windows, but also for the pleasant

Marble Fountain, in the midst thereof, called *The White Horse*,—Continually running with clear water. Thence through a fair gate, under a large square tower, artificially arched with carved stone works, over a bridge forty feet long, with two arches, is the way to

The Bowling Green,—Two hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-seven broad, much admired by his late Majesty [King Charles I.] for its situation Westward, now towards Abergavenny, and the meadows towards Chepstow was a most charming prospect.

At the west end stood a large Oak, with large boughs, affording a fine shade in summer; near which was the way to

The Grand Terrace Walks, and pleasant Gardens, and fair-built Summer Houses, with delightful Walks, 430 feet long, beneath which was situated a very large

Fish Pond,—Of many acres of land, ornamented, in several parts, with divers artificial Islands and Walks, near which stood a charming

Orchard,—Four hundred feet long, and one hundred broad, planted with the choicest Fruit Trees.

There

There were many Towers, besides the Tower Melin, all of square stone, one whereof was placed on Corbets,* on the outside, having several turrets one above the other; and four in the gate-way leading to the Great Park, which had adjoining to it

A Warren,—and several large and well-stocked Fish Ponds.

The Park—was thick planted with fine maiden Oaks, and large Beech trees, and richly stocked with all kinds of Deer.

This Castle was a garrison from the beginning of the Civil War, and kept by the Earl at his own charge; but being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief (being also one of the last garrisons,) was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the 19th day of August, 1646. Afterwards, the woods in the three parks were destroyed; —the lead and timber were carried to Monmouth, and thence by water to Bristol to rebuild the bridge there, after the great fire.

The Great Tower, after tedious battering the top thereof with pick-axes, was undermined, and the weight of it propt with timber, whilst the two sides of the six were cut through: the timber being burnt, it fell down in a lump, and remains so to this day.

After the surrender, the country people were summoned to rendezvous, with pick-axes, spades, and shovels, to draw the moat, in hopes of wealth; but being disappointed in their views, they were set to cut the stanks of the great fish-ponds, where they had store of very large carp, and other fish.

* CORBETS are projections of wood from the main wall of a building, for the purpose of supporting any erection made from it, such as a balcony, &c.

The

The artificial roof of the Hall, as it could not well be taken down, remained whole twenty years after the siege.

Above thirty vaults of all sorts of rooms and cellars, and three arched bridges, besides the tower bridge, are yet standing; but the most curious arch of the chapel, and rooms above, with many other fair rooms, are totally destroyed.

So perfect and correct is the information contained in the preceding pages, that though one hundred and seventy years have passed away since the events occurred which produced the fall of the Castle, or (to use the more emphatic language of Mr. Gilpin,) "since Cromwell laid his iron hands upon it, and shivered it into ruins," the principal parts may NOW be inspected with the utmost convenience to the Visitor.

To render the account of this noble structure as worthy as possible of general acceptation, the following NOTES and OBSERVATIONS were given to me by the late Mr. Tregoze, of Tregirog,—whose long residence near the Castle, and critical attention to its historical transactions, enabled him to make many judicious remarks on the preceding account of this celebrated mansion.

THE NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS OF MR. TREGOZE.

THE TOWER MELIN Y GWENT;

OR, THE CITADEL.

ABOUT forty years ago, the ditch, or moat, round this Tower was cleared out, by the late Mr. D. Evans, who then occupied the Castle Farm; till which time, the whole of that part which had been undermined and thrown down, remained in the same state in which it fell. The small stones were sold by the load, to mend the roads; the large ones were preserved for repairing the buildings

buildings on the Duke's estates; and the rubbish hatiled over the land for manure. Under all, at the bottom of the ditch, were found several cannon shot, from six to eighteen pounds weight, but many of them broke: likewise the timber that had been used as *props*, very little injured, except where it had been burnt through. The Plug, made of oak, that belonged to the Sluice to let the water out of the Moat, and the Trunk of the Sluice, both sound, were found under the arch that led to the Great Terrace; which arch was a private one, and made on purpose for them, as it was walled up at both sides or ends, and not to be seen from without.

THE PITCHED STONE COURT.

In this Court was a deep Draw Well, the water of which, it is believed, was brought from the well on the side of the road above Ragland. This well being so much overgrown with bushes, that the farmer's sheep, going there for shade, were used to fall in, and be lost; which caused the tenant, and much about the time that he cleared out the Moat, to have it filled up, so that it is not now to be seen, nor is the place, where it was known but to few people.

Between the north-east corner Tower and the Kitchen Tower, on the right hand side of this Court as you enter from the principal gate, the greater part of the main wall is nearly level with the ground, and appears to have been done by cannon shot; for, at about four hundred yards distance, in the field to the northward, there remains a large hole in the ground, that seems to have been formed for a sunk battery, *and from which the Breach was made that caused the surrender of the Castle.*

THE WHITE HORSE, OR MARBLE FOUNTAIN.

In the second, or western Court, lay three black stones, which, when broke, or rubbed, sent forth a strong sulphurous smell. The country people called them the "stinking stones," and were used to break off pieces, to give to strangers who came to see the Castle. These stones were [as reported by tradition] said and believed to be part of the statue of the Fountain Horse placed in this Court. By the then appearance of them, they seemed to have been part of the pedestal. One of them in particular seemed to have been part of the capital of the pedestal, as the mouldings were at that time very well preserved. The marks, likewise, of the workmen's tools were very plain to be seen on them; which must set aside the idea entertained by many people, of their being a *composition*, the secret of which is lost to the present age.

The statue of the Horse itself was said and believed, by all the people round the place, who heard the remark from their fathers, &c. made of the same kind of stone as the pedestal. These stones were, at the time the Moat round the Tower was cleaned out, removed from thence to the farm house, where what is left is to be seen.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

This lies at the south-west corner of the Great Terrace, on the south-front of the Castle. It is called by some people the Bowling Green, but the appellation is very erroneous.

About fifty years ago, this Green was planted with apple trees, as were many other places about the Castle, which were overgrown with bushes. Till that time it had but very few apple trees about it. These several plantations were all made by Mr. Evans, which are now

in

in a matured state, and are become very valuable to the farm. In the Civil War, when this Castle, from being a Nobleman's seat, was thought proper to be converted into a Garrison, this bowling green was turned into a bastion, as now very plainly appears, by the remains of the parapet. There is likewise, on this front, another bastion, at the south-east corner of the said terrace, that was, at the same time, formed to flank what may be called the *bowling green bastion*. Before the principal gate was also formed an horn work, now an orchard, as the others. Through this work is the present entrance into the Castle, made within these few years, without any kind of meaning. This horn work is towards the eastern side, and was intended to cover the principal Gate. The form of all these fortifications are still very plain to be seen: the rampart, ditch, and several other works of a modern form, are now to be traced all about this part of the Castle;—they go quite round all the out-buildings, to the north and west sides thereof, and from thence seem to have joined the Kitchen Tower.

A great part of this information was, from time to time, in the course of many years, collected from several very old people, who were at that time living in the neighbouring parts about the Castle, whose fathers, and other relatives, who had lived in the days when the Castle was in its perfect state, had often related to them the same particulars, from their own knowledge and remembrance of things.

The rest arises chiefly from my own observations and conjectures, on viewing the different parts of the ruins, and other remains of the several places, which the preceding account describes.

D. TREGOZE, Tregirog, May 1794.

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD,

AND METHOD OF LIVING,

AT RAGLAND CASTLE,

When inhabited by the Earl of Worcester, in the Reign of King Charles the First, from 1628 *to* 1646.

This specimen of the magnificence and hospitality of the times when the Castle was inhabited, is not only in itself extremely curious, but conveys an idea highly correspondent with the dignity of the Noble Possessor, who appears to have lived here in a stile of grandeur compatible with his rank and fortune.

I first saw it in a very old provincial Newspaper, given me by a friend soon after I came to reside here; but Mr. Williams, who has inserted it in his "History of Monmouthshire," says, it was first printed in the "Antiquarian Repertory." From mention being made of several families, whose names correspond with those who are known to have held offices under the Earl, and whose descendants are now residents in the county, there is reason to credit its authencity.

To amuse a moment, in the absence of better sources of pleasure, I subjoin the following short account of the Method of Living among the Nobility, a few years prior to the date above alluded to.

"THE English Noblemen and Gentlemen, who accompanied King James I. and "his Queen into Scotland, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious mode of living into "that kingdom than had been formerly known; and, in consequence of an harangue "against this, by a Bishop of St. Andrew's, an act passed regulating the manner in "which all orders of persons should live; and, in particular, prohibiting the use of "pies and other baked meats (then first known in Scotland), to all under the rank "of Barons.

"It was the custom, in great families, to have four meals a day, viz. breakfasts, "dinners, suppers, and liveries, which was a kind of collation in their bed chambers, "immediately before they went to rest. They breakfasted at seven, dined at ten in the "forenoon, supped at four, had their liveries between eight and nine, and soon after "went to bed. The breakfast of an Earl and his Countess, on Sundays, Tuesdays, "Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the Holy Fast of Lent, was 'a loaf of bread in "'trenchers, two manchets, (a small loaf of the finest bread, weight six ounces) a "'quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four "'white herrings, or a dish of sprots,'—This, for two persons, at seven in the "morning, was a tolerable allowance for a day of fasting. Their suppers on these

"days

" days were equally plentiful. Their breakfast on flesh days was, ' a loaf of bread in
" ' trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, half a chine of mutton,
" ' or a chine of beef, boiled. The liveries were two manchets, a loaf of household
" ' bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine.' The wine was warmed, and mixed
" with spiceries. No rule was fixed for Dinners, as these were the principal meals, at
" which they entertained their company. It is remarkable, that shopkeepers, me-
" chanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and
" supped at six in the evening; which were later hours than those of the nobility.

" The Barons not only kept numerous households, but very frequently entertained
" still greater numbers of their friends, retainers, and vassals. These entertainments
" were conducted with much formal pomp, but not with equal delicacy and clean-
" liness. The Lord of the Mansion sat in state in his great chamber, at the head of his
" long clumsy oaken board; and his guests were seated on each side, on long hard
" benches or forms, exactly according to their stations; and happy was the man
" whose rank entitled him to be placed above the great family silver-salt in the middle.
" The table was loaded with capacious pewter dishes, filled with salted beef, mutton,
" and butcher's meat of all kinds, with venison, poultry, sea fowl, wild fowl, game,
" fish, &c. dressed in different ways, according to the fashion of the times. The side-
" boards were plentifully furnished with ale, beer, and wines, which were handed to
" the company, when called for, in pewter and wooden cups, by the marschals,
" grooms, yeomen, and waiters of the chamber, ranged in regular order. But with
" all this pomp and plenty, there was little elegance. The guests were obliged to use
" their fingers instead of forks, which were not then invented. They sat down to
" table at ten in the morning, and did not rise from it till one in the afternoon, by
" which three of the best hours in the day were consumed in gormandizing."

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD, &c.

AT Eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Castle Gates were shut, and the Tables laid, viz. two in the Dining Room; three in the Hall; one in Mrs. Watson's apartment, where the Chaplains eat (Sir Toby Mathews being the first;) and two in the Housekeeper's Room, for the Ladies' Women.

The EARL entered the Dining-Room, attended by his Gentlemen.

As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward of the House, retired.

The

The Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his staff, as did the Sewer, Mr. Blackburne; the Daily Waiters, Mr. Clough, Mr. Selby, Mr. Scudamore, and many gentlemen's sons, with estates from 200*l.* to 700*l.* per year, who were bred up in the Castle; My Lady's Gentlemen of the Chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox.

At the first Table, sate,

The Noble Family, and such of the Nobility as came there.

At the second Table, in the Dining-Room, sate,

Knights and honourable Gentlemen, attended by footmen.

In the Hall, at the first Table, sate,

Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward. The comptroller, Mr. Holland. The secretary. The master of the horse, Mr. Delawar. The master of the fish-ponds, Mr. Andrews. My Lord Harbert's preceptor, Mr. Adams; with such gentlemen as came there under the degree of a knight, attended by footmen, and plentifully served with wine.

At the second table in the Hall, served from my Lord's table, and with other hot meats, sate,

The sewer, with the gentlemen waiters, and pages, to the number of twenty-four.

At the third table, in the Hall, sate,

The clerk of the kitchen; with the yeoman officers of the house; two grooms of the chambers, &c.

Other Officers of the Household, were

Chief auditor, Mr. Smith. Clerk of the accounts, Mr. George Whithorn. Purveyor of the castle, Mr. Salisbury. Ushers of the hall, Mr. Moyle and Mr. Cooke. Closet-keeper. Gentleman of the chapel, Mr. Davies. Keeper of the records. Master of the wardrobe. Master of the armoury. Twelve master grooms of the stables, for the war horses. Master of the hounds. Master falconer. Porter, and his man.

Two

Two butchers: two keepers of the home park:
Two keepers of the red deer park:

Footmen, grooms, and other menial servants,
To the number of one hundred and fifty!!
Some of the footmen were brewers and bakers.

OUT OFFICERS.

Steward of Ragland, William Jones, esq.
Governor of Chepstow Castle, Sir Nicholas Kemeys, baronet.
Housekeeper of Worcester House, in London, Jas. Redman, esq.

Thirteen bailiffs.

Two council, for the bailiffs to have recourse to.

Solicitor, Mr. John Smith.

FROM the contemplation of this scene of almost REGAL splendor,—for the fortune of the first nobleman of the realm, at the present day, would scarcely be sufficient to maintain the Household at Ragland,—we must now direct our attention to a very important part of its history, the destruction of the Castle, and with it the overthrow of its possessor.

Mr. Rushworth,—a name not to be pronounced but with reverence, by the admirers of British History,—has, most happily, for the advantage of these pages, preserved the whole of the correspondence, that passed between the distinguished characters, at the siege and surrender of the Castle, which cannot fail to excite a considerable degree of interest in the minds of those travellers, who have not before perused his valuable State Papers.

Mr. Williams, in his "History of Monmouthshire," has quoted "Sanderson's Life of Charles I." but those Letters appear only as an Abridgement of the popular Author, whose Collections I have here adopted.

AN

ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE,

INCLUDING

THE WHOLE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE

Which passed between the Right Hon. the EARL OF WORCESTER, Proprietor and Occupier of the Castle:

And Colonel MORGAN, and his Excellency Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX, Knight, General of the Parliament Army, who besieged it.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Which were signed on Monday, August 16, 1646.

AFTER Wallingford, in Berkshire, followed the reduction of Ragland, a strong Castle in Wales, garrisoned for the King, under the Marquis of Worcester, whose proper house it was, being situated very conveniently to command all parts of *South Wales*. It had been streightned by some forces of Sir Trevor Williams, and Major General Langhorn, before Colonel Morgan was ordered thither from Worcester, to command in chief, who had but fifteen hundred men first, and the garrison consisted of eight hundred, who made divers gallant sallies, and in one killed a Cornet of Morgan's, and carried away the colours; but after the rendition of Oxford, Morgan being reinforced with two thousand men, sent in the following Summons:

My

My Lord,

BY his excellency's command, this is my second summons, whereby you are required forthwith to deliver to me, to the use of both houses of parliament, the Castle of Ragland, with all stores, ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provisions, and all other necessaries that belong to war, that are now in it; which if you will be pleased to do, you may haply find mercy, as other garrisons have had; and if you do refuse, expect but the ruin of yourself, your family, and this poor distressed country. For I must acquaint your lordship, that his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax having now finished his work over the kingdom, except this castle, hath been pleased to spare his forces for this work, which are now upon their march this way, with all materials fit for it; tho' I made no doubt but I had of mine own strength sufficient to effect it. If your lordship will deny to submit to this summons, and that more blood must be spilt, your lordship may be confident that you shall receive no favour from both houses of parliament. So expecting your answer this night by nine of the clock, I rest, your lordship's servant,

THO. MORGAN.*

From the Leaguer before Ragland, June 28, 1646.

Upon the faith and honor of a soldier, this is a true copy of his Majesty's letter to the governor of Oxford, Litchfield, Wallingford, and Worcester, and all other garrisons in England and Wales; which I thought fit to present to your lordship, that you may clearly see what probability of relief you are like to have.

* I have endeavoured to inform myself, who Colonel Morgan was, —but the result of my enquiry only acquaints me, "That he was a "Soldier of Fortune, who had made a campaign in the Low Countries."

Sir,

Sir,

I HAVE received this day two advertisements from you: the first I did read, containing, as you would have me believe, a true copy of his majesty's warrant to several garrisons, upon honourable terms to quit, &c. But truly, Sir, it is not in the power of man to make me think so unworthily of his majesty, that to one, in the opinion of the world, that hath given himself and family so great a remonstrance and testimony of his and their faith and fidelity towards him, that he would not please so much as to name his name, or Ragland. I intreat you give me leave to suspend my belief. And for your second summons, it makes it too evident, that it is desired that I should dye under an hedge like a beggar, having no house left to put my head into, nor means left to find me bread. Wherefore to give you answer, I make choice (if it so please God), rather to dye nobly, than to live with infamy: which answer if it be not pleasing to you, I shall not think you worthy to be stiled by me,

Your loving friend and servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my House at Ragland, June 28, 1646.

My Lord,

SINCE it is not in my power to make you nor your son believe any thing concerning the surrender of those garrisons, by his majesty's order, that comes from me, or any of our party, once more, and the last, before I send your answer to his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, I shall give your lordship way to send an officer, with another of mine, to those lords in Oxford, to whom his majesty's letters were directed, for your better satisfaction. This I do, my lord, to prevent your utter ruin, and that of this poor country, so much occasioned by your lordship's

lordship's obstinacy. I expect your present answer, and so rest your servant, THO. MORGAN.

June 28.

Sir,

IN respect of your mentioning of any respect or kindness towards me, lest to be divulged to the world might do you any prejudice, I have thought fit, in your own letter, to return you thanks for the same. And for Sir Thomas Fairfax, if he were here with all his army, he should receive no other from me than you have had. I hope I serve (though not so well as I should), a master that is of more might than all the armies in the world: and to his holy will and pleasure I submit myself, and yourself to do what you think fitting; and so rest your friend and servant, H. WORCESTER.

From my dwelling at Ragland, June 28.

Some time after this, general Fairfax came in person thither from Bath, to quicken the siege, which was in great forwardness, both for works and approaches; and then sent in this summons to the castle:

My Lord,

BEING come into these parts with such a strength, as I may not doubt but with the same good hand of providence, that hath hitherto blessed us, in short time to reduce the garrison of Ragland to the obedience of the parliament; I have, in order thereto, thought good to send your lordship this summons, hereby requiring you to deliver up to me, for the parliament's use, the said garrison and castle of Ragland; which, as it only obstructs the kingdom's universal peace, the rendition may beget such terms, as by delay or vain hopes cannot hereafter be expected. I remain, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant, THO. FAIRFAX.

Leaguer, before Ragland, August 7th, 1646.

Your lordship's speedy answer to this summons is desired.

Sir,

ALTHO' my infirmities might justly claim privilege in so sudden an answer, yet, because you desire it, and I not willing to delay your time, to your letter of summons to deliver up my house, and the only house now in my possession to cover my head in; these are to let you know, that if you did understand the condition I am in, I dare say out of your judgment you will not think it a reasonable demand. I am loth to be the author of mine own ruin on both sides, and therefore desire leave to send to his Majesty, to know his pleasure what he will have done with his garrison. As for my house, I presume he will command nothing; neither am I knowing how either by law or conscience I should be forced out of it. To this I desire your return, and rest your excellency's humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my poor Cottage at Ragland, August 7, 1646.

My Lord,

TOUCHING your sending to his Majesty, it is that which hath been denied to the most considerable garrisons of England, further than an account to his Majesty of the thing done, upon the surrender; which I do also freely grant to your lordship. And for that distinction which your lordship is pleased to make, *that it is your house*, if it had not been formed into a garrison I should not have troubled your lordship with a summons; and were it disgarrisoned, neither you nor your house should receive any disquiet from me, or any that belong to me. This I thought good to return to your's, and thereby to discharge myself before God and the world, of

all

all extremities and sad consequences that will ensue upon the refusal of the rendition of your garrison upon my summons. I remain, your's,

THO. FAIRFAX.

Sir,

I DO much confide in your honour, as that being at stake: concerning leave to send to his Majesty, I will at this time forbear to make further motion in it; only one thing which is extraordinary, I offer to your consideration, for the just cause, besides my allegiance, of my reasonable request, which is, That upon his Majesty's promise of satisfaction, I am above *twenty thousand pounds out of purse*; and if I should do any thing displeasing unto him, I am sure all that is lost, and no benefit to the Parliament. If you knew how well known I was in Henry Earl of Huntingdon's time unto your noble grandfather at York, I am assured I should receive that favour at your hands that safely you might afford. God knows, if I might quietly receive my means of subsistence, and be in security, with the Parliament's approbation, and freed from the malice of those gentlemen, that are of the committee within this county,* I should quickly quit myself of the garrison, for I have no great cause to take delight in it. I have that high esteem of your worth, nobleness, and true judgment, that knowing you will offer nothing ignoble or unworthy for me to do, as the case stands with me, I desire to know what Conditions I may have, and I will return you present answer; and in the mean time I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 8, 1646.

* Then, and for some time before, sitting at Chepstow.

My

My Lord,

ACCORDING to your lordship's desire, I have returned you Conditions, such as may be fit and satisfactory to the soldiers. To your lordship and family I have granted quiet and security from all violence of any that belongs to me. I would persuade your lordship not to fear any ill or disrespect from the committee of this county (I shall easily reconcile that party), or that they will do any thing, but as they shall receive order from the Parliament. By this means you are at liberty to send to the Parliament; and upon a present surrender and submission to their mercy and favour, your lordship cannot but think to receive better terms for yourself, than if you stand out to the last extremity, when besides the hazard of your person, and of those in your family (which I do presume are dear to you), and the spoil of the castle, which cannot be avoided in extreme undertakings against it. Your lordship hath no reason to expect better than the marquis of Winchester received, who in making good Basing House to the last, narrowly escaped in his own person, lost his friend, subjected those that escaped to great frights and hazard, his house and estate to utter ruin, and himself to extremity of justice.* Touching your lordship's twenty thousand pounds, your lordship hath liberty to solicit about that by the same hands your lordship shall give an account of the surrender to his Majesty. I desire your lordship, upon the receipt of these, to dismiss my trumpeter, and to return an answer by one of your own.

THO. FAIRFAX.

* Cromwell having left General Fairfax in the West of England, set down, with a selected force, before Basing House, in Hampshire; and, in consequence of a refusal to comply with his imperious summons, he stormed the place, took it, and put most of the garrison to the sword.

Sir,

Sir,

THE difficulty of resolution by the soldiers and officers (other than I thought,) causeth my request for your patience, in not giving you full answer to the conditions you sent me yesterday: but as soon as I shall obtain it, you shall not be long without it: but one thing, and that of moment, I desire to be satisfied in; whether if any conclusions should be made, that afterwards I should be left to the mercy of the parliament, for alteration at their will and pleasure; and if it be so, I shall endeavour in vain to study more about it: for example, in my lord of Shrewsbury's case, and divers others, how conditions have been broken, doth a little affright me. I know, by your will and consent, it should never be; but soldiers are unruly, and the parliament unquestionable; and therefore, I beseech you, pardon my just cause of fear, and I will rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 11th.

My Lord,

I HAVE perused your letter of the 11th of August. As to your scruple wherein you desire to be satisfied (so far as I understand it,) I can only give you this resolution, That what I grant, I will undertake shall be made good. As to the instance you give in my lord of Shrewsbury's case, the actors in that breach (who were none of my army,) have received their censure, and by this time, I believe, their execution. But here, if any conclusion be made while I stay, I dare undertake there shall be no such thing; or if any, there shall be reparation.

THO. FAIRFAX.

August 11, 1646.

Sir,

Sir,

FOR the better accommodation of these unhappy differences, if you please that there may be a cessation of arms and working, and to engage your honour for the return of my commissioners, to-morrow by ten of the clock, they shall wait upon you in your Leaguer,* where they shall vindicate me for being the only obstruction of the general peace. So in expectation of your sudden answer, I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 13, 1646.

My Lord,

HAVING not yet received, in any of your letters, a direct answer to the conditions I sent you, I have no grounds or consideration for such a cessation of arms and working, as in your letter you desire; but if it be your purpose to return your answer by commissioners, I shall, by the hour you mention, appoint commissioners of mine own, to receive the same in the Leaguer, as you desire, and engage myself for the safe return of yours, not exceeding six commissioners, and as many servants; and in order to this I shall be content there be a cessation of arms and working from nine of the clock to-morrow morning, 'till two in the afternoon. Your's, THO. FAIRFAX.

Usk, August 14.

Sir,

HAD I not thought you had been in the Leaguer, to the end that propositions from the place, in answer to yours, might have been first presented unto you, and to avoid delays, which I thought your side would best like

* The besieging fields.

of,

of, it was resolved to send Commissioners together with our propositions; but considering it was otherwise, I have sent you such as I am advised unto, to take into your consideration: and because there is some addition to yours, I would have been glad you had heard the just reason thereof, to the end you might not have been persuaded to slight them without just cause. Your pleasure for the ordering of business, I at your leisure expect, and if you please the dismission of this messenger; and so rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

My Lord,

I HAVE perused the propositions sent out by your commissioners, which I find such as deserve no answer. I have offered your lordship, and the rest, conditions, which you may yet have, if you accept in time. If there be any thing in them obscure, needing explanation, or wanting circumstantials, for the better performing of the things intended therein, I shall be willing to appoint commissioners on my part, to treat with yours to that purpose, upon those propositions of mine: provided you send commissioners instructed with power to treat and conclude, and return your resolution herein by six of the clock in the evening. Your's, &c.

THO. FAIRFAX.

August 16, 1646.

IN the mean time, the besiegers went on with their approaches towards the Castle, their main works being not above sixty yards distant; and had planted four mortar

mortar pieces* in one place, and two mortar pieces at another, each mortar piece carrying a granado shell twelve inches diameter.

August 14. Fairfax appointed a new approach: which the engineer, Captain Hooper, had so far proceeded in, as to throw up approaches of an hundred yards in circuit, making exact running trenches (as secure as if they were works against a storm) coming within sixty yards of their works.

August 15. The Marquis sent forth his desire to treat upon the General's propositions: whereupon the Treaty was appointed at Mr. OATES's house (about a mile and an half from Ragland,) to begin at two of the clock that afternoon. Fairfax's Commissioners were, Colonel Birch; Mr. Herbert, Quarter-master; General Grasvenor; Lieut. Colonel Ashfield; and Major Tulida.

By MONDAY, *August* 17, the TREATY was concluded, according to the ensuing ARTICLES.

* Respecting the use of MORTAR PIECES, at the siege of Ragland Castle, Mr. Tregoze supplied me with the following observation:—"It "is a mistake, I suppose the writer meant Cannon,—because it is well "known that large mortar pieces cannot do execution at short dis- "tances, nor can they batter in breach. Besides, no broken pieces of "bomb shells were at any time found, either within or about the Castle, "which would have been the case if they had been used; but cannon "shot, of several sizes, both whole and broken, have been frequently "met with in it, and the adjoining parts."

One of these Messengers of Fate, but deprived of its terrors, was lately peaceably at rest, in the gardon of Mr. Hallen.

ARTICLES,

Concluded and agreed on between his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knight, General of the Forces raised by the Parliament, on the one part:—

And the Right Honourable the Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Governor of the Garrison and Castle of Ragland, on the other part; for and concerning the Surrender of the Castle and Garrison of Ragland.

ARTICLE I.

THAT the Castle and Garrison of Ragland, with all the ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provision, of war, thereunto belonging, shall be delivered up, without wilful spoil, unto his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, or such as he shall appoint to receive the same, on Wednesday next, being the 19th day of this instant *August*, by ten of the clock in the forenoon, in such form as shall be expressed in the ensuing articles.

II. That upon the said 19th day of *August*, the officers, gentlemen, and soldiers, of the garrison, with all other persons therein, shall march out of the said garrison with their horses and arms, with colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and bag and baggage, to any place within ten miles of the gasrison, where the Governor shall nominate: where, in respect his Majesty hath no garrison in England, nor army any where within this kingdom, and dominion of Wales, their arms shall be delivered up to

such as his Excellency shall appoint to receive them, where the soldiers shall be disbanded: and that all, both officers, gentlemen, and soldiers, shall have the benefit of these ensuing articles, except persons excepted from pardon and composition, they engaging themselves not to bear arms hereafter against the parliament, nor do any thing, during their abode in the parliament's quarters, prejudicial to their affairs.

III. That such as desire to go to their own homes, or to their private friends, shall have the General's pass and protection, for their peaceable repair to, and abode at, the several places they shall go unto; the Officers and Gentlemen to pass with their horses and arms; also, such Officers and Gentlemen, reformed or not reformed, that want horses, shall march with their arms; and all Officers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and others, shall pass with bag and baggage.

IV. That all Officers, Gentlemen, and others, comprised within this Capitulation, shall have three months time allowed them to remain in any place, within the Parliament's quarters, for the endeavouring their peace and composition. And all Gentlemen that desire to go beyond the seas, shall have their passes for themselves and their servants, and all other necessaries, to any sea-port, to ship themselves, they paying the usual rate: provided they go within three months after the said surrender. And that all Gentlemen, Officers, and others, as desire to take foreign entertainment, shall, without exception, have passes for themselves and servants to go to London or elsewhere, to treat with any Ambassador, or other, to that purpose, with their bag and baggage, to march to any Port, or to be transported whither they please, they likewise paying the usual rates.

V. That

V. That such as are either wounded or sick, shall either have liberty to stay in the Castle, or be removed to such other places as the Governor shall chuse for their recovery.

VI. That no Officers, Gentlemen, or Soldiers, during these three months, shall be questioned for any words spoken, or acts done, relating to this war or the commencement of it: That no person comprised in these Articles be reproached, affronted, plundered, or injured, in their march, quarters, or places of abode; or any person that shall receive them, shall be molested, or suffer any prejudice thereof, but shall have liberty, during the limitted time, to pass about their lawful occasions; provided they act nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament. And in case any of these Articles be broken by any particular person, that the punishment extend no farther than the party so offending. And that all these Articles may be faithfully observed according to the true intent thereof, without any cavil or mental reservation to infringe them, or any of them.

On WEDNESDAY, August the 19th, the Castle was surrendered, according to the agreement, to Sir Thomas Fairfax, for the use of the Parliament. The Garrison was no sooner marched forth, but Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, had some conference with the Marquis,* and afterwards went that night to Chepstow, where he was entertained by the Committee there; from whence, on Thursday the 20th, he returned to his quarters at Bath.

* This will be noticed in another part of the work.

The

The Castle of Ragland was a very strong place, having a deep moat encompassing it, besides the River running by it. There were delivered up with it twenty pieces of ordnance, only three barrels of powder, but they had a mill with which they could make a barrel a day. There was found great store of corn and malt, wine of all sorts, and beer. The horses they had left were not many, and those that were, almost starved for want of hay; so that the horses had like to have eaten one another for want of meat, and therefore were tied with chains! There were also great store of goods and rich furniture found in the Castle, which Fairfax committed to the care and custody of Mr. Herbert, Commissioner of the Army, Mr. Roger Williams, and Major Tuliday, to be inventoried. And that in case any of the country should make a just claim to any of them, as having been violently taken from them, or they compelled to bring them thither, they should have them restored.

+ It is remarkable, that the two last garrisons which surrendered to the parliament army, were defended by men so far advanced in life, as the Marquis of Worcester, proprietor of Ragland Castle, and John Arundel, esq. governor of Pendennis Castle, in South Wales;—on which circumstance, an able historian observes, "That those garrisons, which were defended with the greatest courage, in the end obtained as good and honourable conditions, as any of those who surrendered on the first summons."

THERE MARCHED OUT OF THE CASTLE,

The Marquis of Worcester,—who was then above four score [83] years of age.—Died in December following the siege.

The Lord Charley, the Marquis's [6th] son.—Died a canon, at Cambray, in French Flanders.

The Countess of Glamorgan,—Wife of the Earl of Glamorgan, the Marquis's eldest son, who succeeded to his father's honours.

The Lady Jones. Sir Philip Jones.—Lived at Tre-Owen, before described, but retired from their own house to the Castle, as a place of better security.

Doctor Bailey,—the Earl's Chaplain.

Commissionary Gwillym.—I presume was a relative of the Whitchurch family, then living at Old Court.

Four Colonels. 82 Captains. 16 Lieutenants.
Six Cornets. 4 Ensigns. 4 Quarter-masters.
Fifty-two Esquires and Gentlemen.

[Who these Officers and Gentlemen were I never heard mentioned.]

ON THE PRESENT STATE

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE.

ALIGHTING at the Beaufort Arms Inn, we return a few hundred yards on the Monmouth road, when after passing the bridge at the bottom of the descent, and crossing the stile on the left hand, we enter the castle farm, through which an agreeable walk conducts us to the gates made by Mr. Evans, and the railed path into the first, or eastern, court of the Castle.*

This front possesses a grandeur superior to every other part of the castle. The towers which defended the principal entrance, with the broken angle of the Yellow Tower or Citadel, forcibly arrest the stranger's attention, on his entrance into this Court.†

Ivy, in large masses, ornament the tower on the left, and time is fast adding its decoration to those on the right hand side of the gateway. Some of the upper rooms to the northward are remaining, but all the others are totally destroyed.

* When the King (Charles the First) first entered the gates of Ragland, the Marquess delivered his Majesty the keyes according to the ordinary custom, the King restoring them to the Marquess, the Marquess said, "I beseech your Majesty to keep them if you please, for "they are in a good hand; but I am afraid that ere it be long, I shall "be forced to deliver them into the hands of those who will spoil the "complement." Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

† The first Gate and flight of Steps are destroyed,—but a sufficient part of the second, which gave entrance into this Court, still remains, and in the situation mentioned in the MS.—evidently proving the authenticity of the Description of the Castle when in its splendor.

THE

THE YELLOW TOWER,* OR CITADEL.

Before the stranger enters the Second Court, it will be proper to visit the Citadel,—the approach to which is across the Moat, on the left hand of the gateway.

This part is one of the greatest curiosities remaining. By a geometrical stone staircase, consisting of *ninety steps*, (each step measuring five feet 2 inches long, five inches thick, and increasing from five to 24 inches in width), so curiously put together as to be ascended with the utmost ease and convenience, we reach the summit of the tower, from which we command a view in the highest degree beautiful and extensive,—the horizon bounded in every direction by those lofty mountains so often noticed in the course of this work,—and also overlook the whole extent of the Castle, which presents a very interesting scene. The tops of the towers, and other parts, are all richly cloathed with ivy, intermixed with a variety of flowering shrubs, &c. which add a great relief and beauty in the season when they flourish.

* The first night his Majesty came into Ragland Castle, the King desired to see the great Tower, where his lordship did use to keep his Treasure, his Majesty spake unto Doctor Baily then standing by, to fetch the keys; he ran down to the Marquess and acquainted him with the King's pleasure, who would needs bring them to the King, and shew him the Tower himself: when the King saw the Marquess bringing the keys himself he thus spake unto the Marquess, My Lord, there are some men so unreasonable, as to make me believe, that your Lordship hath good store of gold yet left within this Tower, but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own occasions, could never have believed it, until now I see you will not trust the keyes with any but yourself: to which the Marquess made this reply, "Sir, I was so far from giving "your Majesty any such occasion of thought by this tender of my duty, "that I protest unto you, that I was once resolved that your Majesty "should have lain there, but that I was loth to commit your Majesty "to the Tower." Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

While

While on the summit of this Tower, we will detain the visitor in contemplating the *situation* of the castle.

As we approach from Monmouth, it appears to stand *low*,—but, on overlooking the country from hence, we shall find, that it occupies rather a *commanding eminence*, in the centre of a beautiful vale, of considerable extent, —which vale is entirely surrounded by a *grand chain* or *circle* of *hills*, that terminate the prospect in every direction. Seated here with a friend, enjoying the beautiful scenery around us, his correct knowledge pointed out the several eminences which here meet the eye. It should be observed, that the *foregrounds*,—the *south* aspect excepted,—contain little interesting:

Looking Eastward, and bringing the eye Southward:

The Kymin Pavilion, Monmouth.
Troy park, and Craig-y-dorth, near do.
With the range of the Trellick beacons,
(the highest grounds in this county).
Lanishen hill, near Trellick,—and the
Devauden do. on the road to Chepstow.
Newchurch hill (opposite the elms).
The grand forest of Wentwood.

*** Kemeys's FIRS, beyond Usk.—From this elevation* you survey the following "thirteen counties, viz. Monmouth, Glocester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, Wilts, "Somerset, Devon (English),—Brecon, Radnor, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Cardigan "(South Wales).—Also, the English Channel down to King-road."
Mr. Nicholls's firs, near Caerleon.

SOUTH-WEST.

From Caerleon to Pen-twyn-barlwm.—Gaer Vawr, and Dial Carig.

WESTWARD.

The hills near Pont-y-pool,—to
The Great Blorens near Abergavenny.
The opening shews the Breconshire hills,
at Crickhowell, to the Bwlch hill,
within 8 miles of Brecon. [20 miles.]
The Sugarloaf hill (from its form), near
Abergavenny.
The Hatteral hills, where Monnow rises.
The Great Iscareth (separation) to
The Black Mountain.

NORTH-WEST.

Campson hill,—and from thence to the Graig hill.

NORTH.

Garway hill, beyond Kentchurch park,
Mr. Scudamore's.
Broad Oak hill.—The Skinch-hill.
The Cwm hill.—The White hill.

And from thence to the Kymin Pavilion, at Monmouth.

*** On a fine day, hours might here be passed with pleasure.

* A former possessor of Kemeys estate, erected on this summit, a spacious and lofty tower, called "The Folly," but the interior is in a state of total decay.

By

By the wilful dilapidation of those concerned in throwing down an angle of this Tower, every room in it is totally destroyed.

The Moat,—Which encompassed the Tower, is nearly dried up; but the niches, in which the figures of the Roman Emperors were placed, still remain, though time and weather have partly destroyed them.—From their appearance, when I first saw them, there was not that variety in the arrangement which is mentioned, if an opinion was to be formed from those which remained in the cement. The method of executing it was very simple;—the bricks were covered with mortar, and the shells fixed in it while wet; but the composition was of a very durable quality, it being quite firm till within these few years. The niches (which should properly be called circular recesses), measure eight feet high, and five feet wide; so that the statues, in all probability, were as large as life.*

The Pitched Stone Court.—Passing through the East gate, we enter this court (now overspread with turf), —which is an oblong square, formed by what appear (from the elegance of the window frames now partly remaining,) to have been the principal rooms in the Castle, and the Kitchen Tower, on the east and west sides; by culinary offices, and the Stately Hall and rooms for officers of the household, on the north and

* When Mr. Evans cleared out this Moat, as is before observed, he cut through the bank on the terrace side, to make a passage for the carts employed to carry away the soil. Those who are not afraid of the trouble, will find many curious parts remaining, as mentioned in the Description, such as the small turrets at each angle of the citadel, the niches, with shell work, &c.—but of the fifteen in number, there is scarcely one in which any of the work appears, time having nearly destroyed it.

south. Mr. Tregoze was of opinion, that the breach in the wall on the right hand side of this court, occasioned the surrender of the Castle. To differ in opinion with a person so well informed, has much the air of assumption; but I will offer a reason for so doing to the reader's consideration:

Though the besieging army carried their approaches within sixty yards of the castle, it does not appear, in the account of the siege, that a single shot was fired from those trenches, because the day after they were finished the Marquis sent propositions to treat with General Fairfax, and the Articles of Capitulation were almost immediately agreed on between the contending parties. I therefore, with due deference, am led to believe, "That the EARL, seeing no probable hope of relief from any other quarter (the whole kingdom having submitted to the Parliament Army,) thought it prudent to surrender his Castle on the best terms he could obtain for the garrison, finding a longer resistance on his part only, against such a force as might, in a few days, be brought together, totally ineffectual,"—and in this opinion I am supported by the concurring testimony of history. The army horses were in the most miserable situation, according to Mr. Rushworth; nor can it be supposed that the comforts of the soldiery, at the conclusion of the siege, were very widely extended, confined as they had been to so small a space for such a length of time.

While on the subject—Tradition records the following circumstance, as the means by which the garrison received considerable supplies from the Country:

In the still hour of night, a fire was made on an adjoining eminence, which was a signal to the Castle that

that some provisions were collected for the inhabitants: accordingly a party was dispatched to the spot, who returned loaded with the bounty of their friends.

The bow window of the Stately Hall, on the left side of this court, is a beautiful object. It forms half an hexagon, several yards high, with stone montens and transoms in proportion, the cupola crowned with ivy, which hangs down with a graceful negligence, forming an exquisite curtain of Nature's drapery. In short, the whole screen is finely adapted for the pencil.

The Kitchen.—A plank at the bottom of this Court affords a passage into the Kitchen, which appears very ill calculated for such a purpose (being only twenty feet square), and particularly for so large a family as that which resided in the Castle.

The villagers speak of ovens for baking, and fire-places for roasting, *an ox whole*,—and indeed, if we may judge by their extent, there seems to have been no difficulty in doing it. The fire-place at the upper end is formed by two stones, one measuring six, and the other seven feet in the span, each two feet thick, which is the only thing worth notice in this part of the building. Underneath the Kitchen, is a room of the same size, called the *Wet Larder*,—now in the most perfect state, and to be inspected with the greatest facility. Other culinary offices, which adjoined to the Kitchen Tower on the north side of the court, are wholly destroyed.

The Stately Hall.—Through the passage on the south side we enter the Hall of State. How great is the mutability of fortune! The room in which the Sovereign of the land, and the most eminent of the nobility, have frequently been entertained, is now become a Fives Court.

The

The hand of desolation marking its way through every possible part of the Castle, the interior memorials of former magnificence are very limitted and imperfect. At the east end of this room, in the centre of the wall, is placed the achievement of the Earl of Worcester, finely executed in stone, though now considerably defaced. The arms are surrounded with the legend of the order of the garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, and underneath them his own motto, "Mutare vel timere sperno,"—*I scorn either to change or to fear*,—the crest and supporters appear to have been removed, as diverting the course of the fives ball.

The aperture in the wall (nearly facing the achievement) at the lower end of the Hall, led into the Music Gallery; but this Bardic accommodation has suffered equally with every other part, it having been taken down.

The fire-place in the centre remains unbroken, but the grate has been removed. Its size was well calculated to soften the rigour of the winter season,—it measuring ten feet wide, and eight feet high.

The author of a "Tour through the Midland Counties of England," says, "I never enter a noble old Hall "without seeing in my imagination, the Baron feasting*

* Sir Henry Baird, who was Lord Bellamount, coming into the hall of Ragland Castle, and seeing so many tables furnished with food, and feeders, sware that his Majesty had a plot to destroy that family, first in borrowing all the old man's money, and then in coming thus to eat up his victuals: which his Majesty hearing, smiled at: but the Marquess asked the man who made the relation unto him, of what garrison the Lord Bellamount was governor?—It was told his Lordship, that he was governor of Cambden House:—the Marquess replied, "that when the "King had done as he said, that then his Majesty might go to his "garrison, and there he might have Cambden's Remains."

Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

"merrily

" merrily with his Knights at the upper end, while I " view the sides crouded with Esquires and Vassals; and " turning mine ear to the Gallery, hear at once the " Music strike up, till it makes the roof ring." In these ideas, particularly on this spot, the writer has often revelled: indeed it is impossible to detach them from our recollection, when we consider, that the POSSESSOR enjoyed all that earthly splendor inseparably the attendant on rank, and extensive fortune. As the Earl of Worcester was Governor of all South Wales, the Bards in Public Court were assembled in the Castle, whose Harps, touched by the magic of their fingers, and inspired, as it were, by the fervor of their poetry, *here* often awoke the soul to ecstasy. Their minds must be insensible to the fascinating description of ancient grandeur, who can stand in this room a moment, without yielding up all their feelings to an influence so universally powerful.

The Large Court.—Passing on straight forward from the Hall, we enter another Court,—but the spoiler's hands have been so diligently employed, as to leave the stranger but little interesting to his curiosity.

In the centre of this Court was placed the celebrated

FOUNTAIN HORSE,

Which was considered as a principal ornament to this part of the Castle. The *capital of the pedestal* on which the Horse was placed, was tolerably perfect about forty-seven years ago; but it has since been nearly demolished, by breaking off pieces to give to strangers, who came to see the Castle.

Mr. Tregoze is perfectly correct in the opinion which he has given respecting the stone,*—denying its being

* See his Notes and Observations.

a co-

a *composition*; for on shewing a piece of it, in my possession, to different gentlemen (eminently skilled in mineralogy), they informed me, it was scientifically named a *Basalt*.* What remains of it now lies in Mr. Holmes's coal-yard; and, on being broken, still emits a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to justify the uninformed in naming it a *stinking* stone.

There seems to be a mistake in calling it The *white* Horse, as the stone above mentioned is quite *black*,—unless the pedestal and horse were of different coloured substances.

The size of the well, which supplied it with water, may be traced, though now filled up, and overgrown with turf, the ground being rather lower than in any other part of the court.

Though no particular spot is pointed out where the Citadel was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, as mentioned in the description, the upright grooves in the angle of the tower, which fronts this court, lead the writer to believe, that here was the communication, especially as a large door-way remains in the centre, which appears to have been the entrance. The following Anecdote, in some degree, confirms his opinion:

* The Rev. B. Richardson, Rector of Farley Hungerford, Wiltshire, whose acquaintance it is my pride and pleasure to share in, further corroborates their decision, who says, "That it is a pure limestone, without "an admixture of iron, which is a constituent of BASALT; but as it has "a stronger resemblance of that than any other mineral, it would be "proper to give it that name."

"At

" At the beginning of the Long Parliament, there were certain rusticks " who came unto Ragland Castle, to search the Castle for arms, my " Lord being a Papist; the Marquiss met them at the Castle gate, and " desired to know, whether they came to take away his money? seeing " they intended to disarm him: they answered, No, but what they did " was because he was a Recusant: he said, he was a Peer of the Realm, " and no convict recusant; and therefore the law could not, in reason, " take notice of any such things; and further some sharp and dubious " words coming from the Marquiss, they were at last willing to take his " word, but the Marquiss not willing to part with them on such easie " terms, having before resolved to return them one fright for another, " which he thus affected: having carried them up and down the castle, " he at length brought them over a " high bridge, that arched over the " moat, that was between the Castle and the Great Tower," wherein " the Lord Herbert had lately contrived certain water-works, which " when the several engines and wheels were to be set a going, much " quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of aqueducts, were " to be let down from the top of the high tower, which upon the first " entrance of these wonderful asinegoes, the Marquiss had given order " that these catarrhacts should begin to fall, which made such a fearful " and hideous noise, by reason of the hollowness of the tower, and the " neighbouring ecchoes of the castle, and the waters that were between, " and round them both, that there was such a roaring, as if the mouth " of hell had been open wide, and all the devils had been conjured up, " that the poor silly men stood so amazed, as if they had been half dead, " and yet they saw nothing: at last as the plot was laid, up comes a man " staring, and running, crying out, before he came at them, 'Look " to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose:' whereupon " the searchers gave such a loose, that they tumbled so over one another " down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their " necks, never looking behind them till they were sure they had got " out of sight of the castle."

Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

The Chapel.—Parallel with the apartments for the Earl's principal Officers, was the Chapel, a long narrow room, now overgrown with nettles and alders, and its walls with ivy. At the upper end, on the right hand side, some yards from the ground, are two stone figures, which, till within these few years, were totally obscured, when I took the liberty of unveiling them,—but the talent

of the statuary have not been exerted sufficiently to detain the stranger's attention.

A small tower remains at the S. W. corner, which is ascended by means of a few stone steps; but as it only repeats the view from the Yellow Tower, the visitor would not be further gratified on its summit. The access is also awkward, from the bushes and steep which obstruct it.

The Vaults and Cellars under this Court are nearly choaked up with stones and rubbish,—but an opinion may be formed of their number and extent. One in particular at the extremity is worthy notice, were it only on account of the neatness with which the masonry is executed.

The Grand Terrace.—By a lofty gateway and arched bridge we are conducted to the Grand Terrace, from whence we enjoy all the beauty of the surrounding country. This walk, which measures 260 feet long, and 77 broad, now finely overspread with turf of the richest verdure, is truly delightful, even at the present day, though despoiled, as it has been, of the pleasure houses, fish ponds, and other objects of attraction, mentioned in the description of its former splendor. Well might his Majesty King Charles I. delight in visiting this spot.* When standing in the centre of the Terrace, a beautiful amphitheatre of hills present themselves before us,

* When the King had made his repair to Raglen Castle, a seat of the Marquiss of Wordester's, between Monmouth and Abergavenny, after the battell of Naseby [June 15, 1645.], taking occasion to thank the Marquiss for some monies lent to his Majesty, the Marquiss returned his Majesty this answer: "Sir, I had your word for the money, but I never thought I should be so soon repayed; for now you have given me thanks, I have all I looked for."

Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

including

including many of the objects described from the Yellow Tower. The foreground falls down in a fine slope of meadow land, to what were formerly the fishponds, but now filled up, and laid under pasture,—while immediately beyond, on an easy elevation, stand the parish Church and Village, which, from being surrounded with fruit trees, appear to great advantage in the blossom season. At two miles beyond Ragland, appear the Church and Village of Landenny, while the vale and sides of the hills are studded with white cots, the peaceful dwellings of the occupiers of the land.

The horizon is bounded by several of those eminences which adorn this part of the kingdom,—particularly (on the left, and bringing the eye round to the right):

Lanishen hill, near Trelleck,—and the Devauden hill, on the road to Chepstow.
The grand Wentwood, which comes down near to Caerleon.
Mr. Nicholls's firs, near Caerleon.
Gwehelog common, the road to Usk.
The hill in front, is Trostree hill.
Beyond it, The hills near Pont-y-pool, leading on to the
Great Blorens, near Abergavenny.

Turning to the West aspect:

The foreground, rich meadow and pasture land, (formerly fishponds).
In front,—Brungwyn church and village,
The terminations are,
The Blorens. The Little Skerrith.
The Sugarloaf. The Great Skerrith.
The farm house in front, is called Pen y Park (the head of the park).
Beyond it, Pen y twyn (the head of the tump).

Another time, the King came unto my Lord, and told him, that he thought not to have stayed with his Lordship above three days, but his occasions requiring his longer abode with him, he was willing to ease him of so great a burthen, as to be altogether so heavy a charge unto him; and considering it was a garrison, that his provisions might not be spent by so great a pressure, he was willing that his Lordship should have power given him to take what provisions the country would afford for his present maintenance and recruit: to which his Lordship made this reply: "I humbly thank your Majesty, but my Castle will not stand long if it leans upon the country. I had rather be brought to a morsel of "bread, than any morsels of bread should be brought me to entertain "your Majesty." Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

No part now remains among the many which adjoined it, on which we can enjoy such an agreeable walk as on this, for the other terraces are either planted with fruit trees, or overgrown with briers. The fish-ponds, which were in the valley, being converted into meadow ground, greatly decreases the view,—for WATER is the only ornament wanted to finish the landscape. Could we persuade the River Usk to wind its playful course before this part of the Castle, the scenery would be complete.

At the upper end of the terrace stands a venerable Elm Tree, worthy the stranger's notice for its size, measuring twenty-six feet in girth; and the two limbs, which grow from the head of the trunk, spread their arms twenty-two feet. This tree is of great age, for the bark which cloaths it is nearly four inches thick.

Having attended the stranger round the Castle, and noticed every circumstance I deemed worth his attention; I will now make a few Cursory Observations on the building, and other appendages to this once magnificent edifice.

GENERAL REMARKS
ON
RAGLAND CASTLE.

MR. GROSE, in his "Antiquities of England and Wales," observes, "That this Castle is of no great "antiquity; its foundations are said to have been laid "about the time of Henry the Seventh [1485—1506], "since which, additions have been made at different "periods. Leland thus describes it:

"Ragland,

"Ragland, yn middle Venceland, ys a fair and plea-
"sant Castel, 8 miles from Chapstow and 7 from Ber-
"geveny, the Towne by ys bare, ther lye to goodly
"Parkes adjacent to the Castel."

And in another place,—"Morgan told me that one
"of the laste Lord Herbertes huikled al the beste logges
"of the Castel of Ragland."

Camden calls it "a fair house of the Earl of Wor-
"cester's built Castel ways."—

I know not on what authority he fixes so late a date as the reign of Henry VII. for its erection, since Mr. Collins informs us, in the "Pedigree of Herbert," that Sir John Morley, knt. Lord of Ragland Castle, resided here in the reign of Richard II. [1377—1399]. Mr. Jones's MS. says, it was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury. Sir W. Thomas lived in the reign of Henry V. [1413] and was present with the king at the memorable battle of Agincourt, in defending whom, in company with Sir David Gam, he lost his life, his Majesty bestowing on him the honour of Knighthood before he died. The Earl of Pembroke was beheaded in the 8th of Edward IV. 1469, so that both these testimonies directly contradict his assertion. The ornamental parts of the interior might have been afterwards added, as our national taste improved; but as the towers and principal parts possess great uniformity, as well with regard to the stone, as to the style of architecture, I yield my opinion, and so, I presume, will the Reader, to those writers whose authority I have quoted.

Mr. Williams, in the History of Monmouthshire, has followed Mr. Grose, without assigning any reason for so doing; but after the above observation, further refutation is unnecessary.

Nothing

Nothing could have been more happily chosen in point of situation,—it occupies a pleasing eminence which is easy of access; and as the PARKS, which surrounded it, are all converted into farms, which are in a high state of cultivation, the whole neighbourhood assumes the most luxuriant and cheerful appearance.

The late Mr. Lewis Richards, of Troy House, Steward to the Duke of Beaufort, having kindly permitted me to inspect a Map of the Castle Farm, I am by that means enabled to say, that the space of ground within the Castle Walls measured *four acres, two roods, and one perch.*

In casting the eye over the whole of this building, the mind is astonished at the infinite labour which must have been exerted to collect together such a quantity of materials of different descriptions. It should be observed, that the generality of these edifices are placed on, or near, the bank of a navigable river (for the purpose of defending some important pass or place), by which means the carriage of stone is attended with little trouble; but in the present instance, there is no navigable river nearer the Castle than the Wye, from which it is distant, at Monmouth, eight miles,—at Chepstow, twelve. Besides, there does not appear any quarry in the country of the same kind of stone as that with which it is built, which is of light grey colour, and very hard; nor has the writer been able to obtain, from any well-informed friend, the place from whence it was collected. No such stone as that used for the chimney pieces, and other ornaments, is to be met with in Monmouthshire.

Our ancestors appear to have been particularly well skilled in the composition of their *cement*, which is now nearly as hard as the stones it holds together. Even the people

people of the country, when they were ordered to rendezvous at the Castle, with *pick-axes*, in order to destroy it, " after tedious battering of the top," were obliged to desist from that method as fruitless, and adopt other arts for its demolition. Yet though more than 150 years have since passed away, it remains now as firm as the first day it was laid.

Nor are the ARCHITECTS who built it less deserving of our praise, for such is the neatness and exactness with which the facing stones are laid, that they exhibit the same perfect appearance as though the artist had but just left the scaffold. The BRICKS which compose the South wall, are not deficient in point of durability with the stone, being extremely well burnt; but this ceases to be a matter of surprise, when we consider how peculiarly adapted the soil is for such a purpose.

We can now form but a very imperfect opinion of the extent to which the Out-Works were carried. When the estates of ancient families are set out for profit, the tenant, soon brings about a revolution of former purposes, or in other words, adopts ancient uses to modern manners. What are lawns, or slopes, or bowling-greens, to a Farmer? his attention is directed to what will best pay his rent. He calculates how many bushels of potatoes will grow on the slope, and whether the lawn is most valuable under pasturage or tillage. Just so has it fared with Ragland, every succeeding occupier having converted the adjoining places into what he deemed most conducive to his interest.

Of the PARKS we have better information. Though we cannot positively fix their limits, some nominal remains aid our determination. I am of opinion that, independant of the farms now occupied by Mr. Hallen, and

and Mr. Holmes, (which form a large rental), the following estates were included in them, viz.

The Lower Argoed,	*Mr. Edward Jefferies.*
The Tysha,	*Mr. Roberts.*
The Lodge,	*Mr. James Powell.*
Pen-y-Park,	*Mrs. Williams.*
The Warrage,	*Mr. Williams.*

These I conceive to have formed the "HOME PARK," (beside other places of less note), the whole producing a large rental. In some places the PARKY APPEARANCE of the land still remains, the soil not having been broke up for centuries, but they are mere fragments, no better grain growing in the kingdom than on the above farms.

It is expressly mentioned, in the list of Officers belonging to Ragland Castle, that there were *two keepers of the Home Park, and two Keepers of the Red Deer Park*;*—hence it must be inferred, that they were *separate* and *distinct* from each other. In support of this opinion, I have the authority of Mr. J. Croft, of the Tump, near Lanarth, for asserting, that his father, who lived at Llandilo Cressenny, knew a very old inhabitant of that parish, whose ancestors had told him, that *the Farm Mr. Croft occupied was part of the* RED DEER PARK, *and that they had seen the Deer feeding in it.* As Llandilo is not more than four miles from Ragland, and knowing that Mr. Croft would not publish an assertion at the expence of his veracity, the information may be deemed interesting at this day, as it enables us to ascertain, in some measure, the boundary of these demesnes.

* Hondius's Map of the County, in Speed's History of Britain, marks them both, by incircling them with paling.

That

That they were of great extent cannot be doubted, if an opinion was to be formed only from the Timber that grew thereon. Mr. Nicholson, in his "Compendium to the Peerage of England," says,—

"All the timber in the THREE PARKS, that lay to the house, "was cut down, and sold by the Committees for Sequestration, "the offal of which (for there was no coppice wood in any of "the parks), amounted, according to the Sub-committees, "(who were not used to acknowledge the utmost of the profits "they made), to 37000 cords of wood, by which the value of "the timber may be a little guessed at. The lead that covered "the Castle was sold for six thousand pounds; and the timber, "a great part of it to Bristol, to build up the houses upon the "bridge, which happened to have been lately burnt. The "loss to this family in the house and woods, has been modest-"ly computed at one hundred thousand pounds, besides at "least as great a sum lent to his then Majesty, by the Marquis, "and the maintaining the garrison of Ragland, and the rais-"ing and maintaining two several armies at his own expence, "commanded by his son Edward earl of Glamorgan; and the "Sequestration from 1646, and afterwards the sale of that "whole estate by the Rump [Parliament], which amounted, as "appears by that year's audit, to twenty thousand pounds per "annum, and was not restored till the Restoration of King "CHARLES II. in 1660, when Edward, then Marquis of "Worcester, had the possession delivered him of that part of "that estate he had not, during that necessitous time, sold and "passed away."

Heavy as the "iron hands of Cromwell," or rather of the Parliament, fell on this mansion, the demolition it at present exhibits did not proceed wholly from the weight of their authority. By Mr. Tregoze I was informed, that during the life-time of the late Duke of Beaufort's father, Ragland Castle was considered as a kind of perennial spring, or fountain that flowed for ever, for the supply of whatever materials were wanted for the repair of his estates.

estates. Was a barn or a stable to be built, here was the stone and timber;—did they want the aid of the mason, from hence were their declining frames to be invigorated. In short, to every possible necessity this Castle administered its assistance.

Nor need I use any argument to prove the truth of this assertion; for the stranger, in visiting a tenement, called the Lower House, will observe many of the stones in the wall that have withstood the shock of musquetry, and other efforts of war,—evidently declaring the place from whence they came.

At that time, Mr. Harding, an attorney, who resided at Chepstow, was Steward; and under him was employed, as Surveyor, or Chief Carpenter, a person of the name of Hopkins, who might be deemed (but who acted with the authority of his master,) the GRAND DILAPIDATOR, after the Parliamentary devastations has been accomplished. One mason told Mr. Tregoze, from whom I received the information, that he had, by Mr. Hopkins's orders, *taken down twenty-three stair cases, besides chimney pieces, window frames, &c.*

But, when the late Duke of Beaufort came into possession of his father's titles and estates, the weapons of destruction were arrested from the hands of the spoiler, and every avenue blocked up to prevent a future demolition, by giving strict orders that not a stone should be moved from its then situation, under any pretence whatever, which injunction is rigidly attended to by the agents of the present day.

So far as this mandate is connected with the preservation of the Castle, the public will receive with pleasure the information it conveys;—but enemies, equally, if not more, destructive than the mason, are daily sapping

its

its beauties, I mean the *ivy* and *underwood*,—the former of which is growing so thickly on its sides, and the latter to such an height, as nearly to exclude the pencil of the artist from any other views of the building, except the first and second courts of the castle.

Mr. Rushworth has remarked, "That the Castle of "Ragland was *a very strong place*,"—which, says Mr. Tregoze, "is far from the truth, being only a proper "house for a nobleman's residence and family seat, "until converted into a garrison, to serve the purposes "of the Civil War." Equally erroneous is the observation, "That it was encompassed with *a deep moat*," as it goes only along the south front,—as also in describing "*a river running by it*," because there never was any river within several miles of the Castle, only a small brook, or running stream, that supplied the fishponds, which lay on the south and west sides of it, one above the other, so that it might have some appearance of a river to strangers, they forming almost a continued sheet of water, from one dam-head to the other, and made altogether a very extensive water, which has been, since the surrender of the place, converted into meadows. The dam heads still remain, and might, for a small expence, be restored to their original purposes.

Not only in my walks with Mr. Chambers about his farm, to superintend his workmen, but also on all other occasions when opportunity presented itself, I have made inquiry among the aged of the parish, "If they had "heard their fathers or relations speak of any circum-"stance connected with the history of the Castle," but none of them were able to add to the information of Mr.

Tregoze, except in one instance, where a servant said, "He had heard his parents speak of some of their ances-"tors having been taken, when children, to see King "Charles I. play at bowls with the Earl's family, on the "green of the Castle."

Mr. Wm. Morgan, of Brungwyn, near Ragland, was living when I first began this publication in 1792, and in good spirits, though nearly *one hundred* years old. To this gentleman I wished Mr. Chambers to introduce me; but in all my visits to Ragland, the kindness of my friend would never suffer me to leave his house, deeming *it too soon* to set out, after a walk from Monmouth, until I had refreshed myself with a good dinner,—and when the table was adorned with bottles, it was *too late* afterwards; so that he sunk to rest without my having any conversation with him.—A great loss to the interest of these pages.

A noble *pewter dish*, such as the Barons of old were used to have on their tables, 25 inches in diameter, and decorated with armorial bearings, was presented to Mr. Chambers, by his son, the late Mr. Charles Morgan; which, with goodly grace, stood pre-eminent above its fellows in the kitchen of the Beaufort Arms Inn,—nor did it loose any of its dignity, when sustaining, as Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's song says,

"A Haunch, piping hot, from the Sanctum Sanctorum."

But the assessor of taxes compelled Mr. Chambers to deface the arms, unless he consented to pay the armorial duty; so that its ornaments, for that reason, have since been obliterated.

SUPPLY OF THE CASTLE WITH GRAIN.

I have in my possession a very curious document, given to me by Mr. William Probyn, being "The "Resolutions of the principal persons in the Town and "Manor of Monmouth, for supplying the Earl of Wor-"cester with grain, during the siege of Ragland Castle;" —by which it appears, that, in one week, 298 bushels of different sorts of corn and malt, were sent to the store-house in Monmouth, to be from thence delivered at Ragland, and in such quantities, as may be deemed necessary for its use.

The articles of superior necessity appear to have been *wheat*, *mault*, and *oates*, particularly the latter, which are given to *Tom the Coachman*, *Tom the groom*, *the poultrey*, and *oxen*, and are set down at the value of 18*d* per bushel. But this, I am informed by an intelligent friend, is a higher price than they were sold at within his memory, 10*d* being then the customary charge in this market, —as they were only used to give the poultry. Wheat was also sold at Monmouth for 3*s* 6*d* a bushel.

The title of the MS. is as follows:*

"*Maner De Monoth, in Membris.*

"*Wee whose names are hereunto subscribed, being* "*tenants within the said Man. or Ldpp. do hereby* "*subscribe and engage to give unto the Right Honble* "*Charles Somersett Earle of Worcester, Ld. of this* "*Mannor, with its Members, such quantitys of Corne* "*as each tenant shall subscribe hereby to give, in testi-* "*mony of our duty and respect unto him.*"

* The first subscriber is Henry Milbourne, for twenty bushels of wheat and twenty bushels of oats. Unfortunately the year is omitted. It commences with the month of October, and is continued to the ninth of February. Certainly it must allude to the above period, for at any other time such a contribution was unnecessary.

CON-

CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL FAIRFAX AND THE EARL OF WORCESTER.

We are told by Mr. Rushworth, That the garrison of Ragland was no sooner marched forth after its surrender, but General Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, and had some CONFERENCE with the Earl; which conversation the Book of "Apothegms" has fortunately preserved.

"After much conference betwixt the Marquis and "General Fairfax, wherein many things were requested of the "General by the Marquess, and being as he thought himself "happy in the attainment, his Lordship was pleased to make "a merry petition to the General as he was taking his leave, "viz. in behalf of a COUPLE of PIGEONS, which were wont to "come to his hand, and feed out of it constantly, in whose be-"half he desired the General that he would be pleased to give "him his protection for them, fearing the little command that "he should have over his soldiers in that behalf. To which "the General said, I am glad to see your Lordship so merry. "Oh, said the Marquess, you have given me no other cause; "and hasty as you are, you shall not go until I have told you "a story:—There were two men going up Holborn in a cart to "be hanged, one of them being very merry and jocund, gave "great offence unto the other, who was sad and dejected, in-"somuch as that the downcast man said unto the other, I "wonder brother that you can be so frolic, considering the "business we are going about. Tush, answered the other, "thou art a fool, thou wentest a thieving, and never thought "what would become of thee, wherefore being on a sudden "surprized, thou fallest into such a shaking fit, that I am "ashamed to see thee in that condition, whereas I was re-"solved to be hanged before ever I fell to stealing: which is "the reason, nothing happening strange, or unexpected, I go "so composed unto my death.—So, said the Marquess, I "resolved to undergo whatsoever, even the worst of evils that "you were able to lay upon me, before ever I took up arms "for my Soveraign, and therefore wonder not that I am so "merry."

* * * * *

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX'S CAMP.

TRADITION has preserved the SITUATION it occupied,—for the spot of ground, from whence his Letters to the Marquis of Worcester are dated, retains the name of "The Leagner Fields" at the present day, and forms a part of Mr. Holmes's and Mr Edward Jefferies's farms.

From a survey of the place, it appears, that the Parliament army commenced the siege with the most certain hope of speedily reducing the garrison to their authority, as no remains of entrenchments, or other shelter from the arms of their enemies, are to be traced in any of the fields which the writer has walked over.

It occupied a ridge of land in the park, about half a mile, or rather more, to the eastward of the Castle, being the most convenient eminence from which it could be approached,—with this particular recommendation, a near and plentiful supply of water.

Mr. E. Jefferies (whose ancestors have rented and lived on the estate he now occupies for many generations), informed me, that in a piece of land near the Leaguer, called the "Forest Field," he has found great quantities of musquet balls, when ploughing it for tillage; and if any rain fell in the night after their day's labour, bullets were plentifully to be picked up on the surface of the soil.

COINS, and other CURIOUS ARTICLES, were also numerous;—but being then a boy, and not estimating their value, himself and brothers were used to bore holes through the pieces of money, and wear them on a string round their necks for ornament, or gave them to their play-

play-fellows. Not a vestige of them now remains in his possession, or they would be at the writer's service.

At the back of the Camp, within the distance of a few hundred yards, were very extensive fish-ponds, occupying twenty acres of land, and richly stocked with all kinds of fish. Mr. Jefferies says, that when these waters had swoln their banks after rain, and retired again to their bounds, his family were used to pick up, on the grass, a sufficient quantity of fish to serve them for several days, or as long as the sight of them could be endured. As these ponds were without any protection of railing, the cattle at feed were used to retire hither in the heat of the summer,—but from the nature of the soil, which is a stiff clay, and the depth of the water, whatever beast entered was irrecoverably drowned. Mr. Jefferies attempted to guard against so heavy a loss as he frequently sustained, by a strong fence; but as this barrier was overcome by agility, his father obtained leave to turn them into meadow land; in consequence of which, the dam heads were cut through, and the water drained off, but their form and extent may be exactly traced at the present day. The pond on the Lower Lodge farm, was equal in extent to those of Mr. Jefferies's when united, and has shared a similar fate. Mr. Jefferies also observes, that the quantity of fish taken, when the pools were drawn off, exceeded calculation.

COINS.

As a circumstance connected with the History of the Castle, the writer has been diligent in inquiries among the inhabitants of Ragland, respecting Coins, which accident, or family bequest, might have put in their possession, but nothing gratifying has resulted from the search.

search. To the late Mr. George I am indebted for the following information:

A few years ago, a labourer employed to remove some rubbish from the fold-yard opposite his house,* found a pot of money; but being ignorant of the value (or rather wishing to exclude all participation of the treasure,) and an itinerant Israelite passing by at the moment, who saw the artful rustic contemplating his riches, the *cunning Isaacs* immediately made up to him, and, at the price of three shillings and sixpence, obtained the vessel, with the whole of its contents. A loose piece Mr. George afterwards picked up, which he gave to one of his daughters, who favoured me with the sight of it, which proved to be an half groat of King Edward the Fourth's reign. This coin is not rare with collectors, its chief value arises from confirming the local history of the spot where it was found. The Herbert family, in the reign of this monarch, was honoured with the title of Earl of Pembroke.

Other pieces, of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James, and Charles the First, &c. have also been shewn to me, but not one of them deserved a pardon from the crucible of the silversmith, to which they were speedily to be consigned.

Mr. Tregoze informed me, that when the Moat was cleared, a considerable number of different pieces of Coin were found there by the labourers, which Mrs. Evans took care to preserve,—but on the arrival of the late Duchess Dowager of Beaufort at Ragland, soon after

* The building now in existence within the wall, is all that remains of the original Village Inn. According to the information of Mr. Jones's MS. it was called "The Crown," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This circumstance is intitled to belief,—for the meadows which lie below, and belong to Mr. Hallen's farm, retain the name of "The Crown Fields," to the present day.

to

to view the Castle, the *Country Goody*, in the simplicity of her heart, got out all this newly acquired treasure, and after *washing* and *cleaning* of it, to make it *bright* and more worthy her offering, placed the pieces on a large pewter dish, and advancing with several *profound dips*, presented them to the Duchess for acceptance, which were received by her with much apparent satisfaction.

Mr. Tregoze seemed to imply, by some hints he threw out, that treasure of a more valuable kind than a few loose Coins, came into the possession of Mr. Evans's family, during their occupying the Castle Farm.

VANDALISM.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY AT RAGLAND.

Every reader of taste will receive with sorrow the information when he is told, that the Library at this Castle, belonging to the Marquis of Worcester, esteemed *one of the finest in Europe*, was *totally destroyed!*

After such an acknowledged fact, what hopes, even under the highest patronage, could the best informed writer entertain, of producing a satisfactory History of the Public Transactions of this County?

CHURCH NOTES FOR RAGLAND*.

REGARDING Ragland as an *ancient Barony*, the stranger will naturally expect to fine some grand monumental record of the *Herbert* and *Beaufort* families, but *here* his hopes will be disappointed; for their sepultural fame is dispersed over many parts of the kingdom, viz. in Chepstow and Abergavenny churches; in the Beaufort Chapel, Windsor; a part in the vault of this Chancel; and in the Church at Badminton, in Glocestershire (in which parish his Grace's seat is situated, and where the family have resided since the destruction of Ragland Castle); so that no succession can be traced, if we except Badminton, in any one spot, for more than a single generation.

The CHURCH of RAGLAND, which is situated in the centre of the village, is a very plain structure, with a square embattled tower at the West end; and, from appearance, its foundation is of no very early date,—probably after the Castle,—as the stone and architecture are quite

* CHURCHES are the usual places of resort, to obtain contemporary notices of the old possessors of the neighbouring mansion. There we expect to see the figure of the ancient warrior, with his wife and children, either traced in brass on the floor; or resting his gigantic limbs, clad in armour, on some richly adorned altar tomb; or against the wall, kneeling under the canopy of some ornamented arch-work, with his hands clasped in prayer, before a desk. These cannot deceive; they realise the splendor of former times. The mind is delighted with the certainty of such embodied memorials of those, who in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, walked and danced in those galleries, and caroused in those halls, it has just been inspecting with an imagination so full of the manners of past centuries.

correspondent with that edifice. It consists of a lofty nave with side-aisles, vaulted and ceiled, and measures from East to West forty-one yards. Over the pulpit was a gallery, the breadth of the church, but the stone stairs, which led to it, are all that remain.

On the North side of the Chancel is a Chapel of the Beaufort family, ten yards long by five wide, where in a vault underneath are deposited a small part of the Duke's ancestors. In this Chapel, under a canopy, are two whole length recumbent figures, male and female, in white marble, with cushions under their heads and feet, but much mutilated, being broken or defaced in every part, though the collar and other insignia of a Knight of the Garter, are still discernible. These statues serve, as is generally supposed, to perpetuate the memories of Edward fourth Earl of Worcester, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdom, who died in 1621, and was buried here, as was also the said Earl Edward, who was a Knight of the Garter, and died in 1627. These were the parents of the Earl that surrendered the Castle.

The recess in the wall, under the canopy, I presume contained an Inscription illustrative of the above characters; but the same barbarous hands that destroyed their effigies, no doubt carried away or defaced it.

Above, in the eaves board, are nine irons, from which the banners, or armorial bearings, of the family were suspended,—now destroyed or worn away,—but an ancient helmet, or head-piece, in the centre, as also the Beaufort crest, a Portcullis, retain their situations.

On the 8th of June 1795, in consequence of the falling in of part of the pavement of this Chapel, in which his Grace's ancestors lie interred, I was enabled, by the aperture,

aperture, to descend; and, with the assistance of a candle, to survey this receptacle for departed grandeur. It forms a square of about 4 yards, vaulted at top;—and at the right end is a small recess, about three yards long, and 4 feet wide.—In this place, on the ground, are two figures enclosed in lead; one of them is of a very early date,* being according to the ancient mode of burial, viz. the exact shape of the body at full length, with only the eyes, nose, and mouth formed on the metal, similar to some stone figures which lie on the south side of the chancel in the church of Abergavenny; but without any appendage of sword, or dagger; or cushion or emblem at the head or feet. The other figure is wrapt in lead, devoid of any form, or care whatever.

The vault contains six large coffins, and a small one; the latter is that of the infant Lady Mary Somerset. The substance of wood, which covered the lead, had all mouldered away (the plates which contained the Inscriptions being found on the ground); even that of Lady Granville's, which was of oak, covered with crimson velvet, was quite decayed, and on being touched crumbled into powder.

I copied all the inscriptions on the coffin of this Lady, which are engraved on square pieces of copper, and are to be read as follows, viz.

I.

"Illustrissimi Principis Edvardi, Marchionis et Comitis Wigorniæ, Comitis de Glamorgan, Baronis Herbert de Ragland, "et qui obiit apud Londini tertio die Aprilis, A. Dni. M,DC,LXVII."

* The opinion of Dr. Griffin was, that it could not have lain there less than four hundred years.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION:

The most Illustrious Prince Edward, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, and Baron Herbert of Ragland, who died at London, the third day of April, in the year of our Lord 1667.

" Loyal to his Prince, a true lover of his Country,
" And to his Friend most constant."

This Nobleman, the eldest son and heir of Henry Marquis of Worcester, succeeded his father (who surrendered Ragland Castle), anno 1646, in all his honours, was the second Marquis of Worcester, and by King Charles I. was constituted Lord Lieutenant of South Wales, —which King also directed several letters to this Edward, in the life-time of the Marquis his father, by the title of Earl of Glamorgan; which title he had conferred upon him, as also that of Baron Beaufort, of Caldicot Castle, in the county of Monmouth.

*** There was not any Inscription Plate to the memory of the Marchioness.

II.

CAST IN LEAD, BELOW THE ARMS:

" Corpus Caroli Somerset, Nobilis Angli & Ducibus Beaufort,
" obiit Romæ, A. D. M,DCC,X. Mart. 4th, Ætat. XXI."

ON A PLATE:

" The Body of the Hon. Lord Charles Somerset, Brother to
" his Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort, Second Son of the Right
" Hon. Charles Marquis and Earl of Worcester, by Rebecca
" his Lady, Daughter of Sir Josiah Child, of Wansted, in the
" County of Essex, Knt. who died in his travels at Rome, the
" 4th of March 1710, N. S. in the 21st Year of his Age."

III.

" Rebecca Lady Granville, third Daughter to Sir Josiah Child,
" Bart. Her first husband was Charles Lord Marquis of
" Worcester, eldest Son to his Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort:
" By whom she had issue Henry Duke of Beaufort, Lady Mary
" Somerset, Lady Elizabeth Somerset, Lord Charles Somerset,
" Lady Henrietta Somerset, and Lord John Somerset. Her
" second Husband was John Lord Granville, Bart. of
" Potheridge, second son to John Earl of Bath, by whom she
" had no Issue. Died the 27th Day of July, in the 44th Year
" of her Age."

The

The husband of Lady Granville was second son to Henry first Duke of Beaufort (by Mary Capel his wife, eldest daughter of Arthur Lord Capel, beheaded March 1698), was godson to King Charles II.—but, in leaping out of his coach, to avoid the danger he was in, from the unruliness of his horses running down a steep hill with him, he broke his thigh bone, of which he died three days after, on the 13th of July 1698, aged 38.

[Lady Granville was the last of the Beaufort Family buried at Ragland].

IV.

" The Right Hon. John Lord Somerset, third Son of Charles " Marquis of Worcester, eldest Son and Heir Apparent of " Henry Duke of Beaufort and Rebecca his Wife, Daughter " of Sir Josiah Child, Baronet. Departed this Life the 31st " December, 1704, in the 10th Year of his Age."

V.

" The Lady Mary Somerset, Daughter to the most Honourable " Charles Marquis of Worcester, by Rebecca Daughter to " Sir Josiah Child, of Wansted, in Essex, Bart. and Grand- " daughter to his Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort. Born Sun- " day the 7th of February, and died the 8th of the same " Month, Anno Domini, 1685-6.

☞ Soon after this visit, the Vault was closed up in such a firm and secure manner, as in all human probability never again to be exposed to public view.

The Living of Ragland is a small Vicarage.

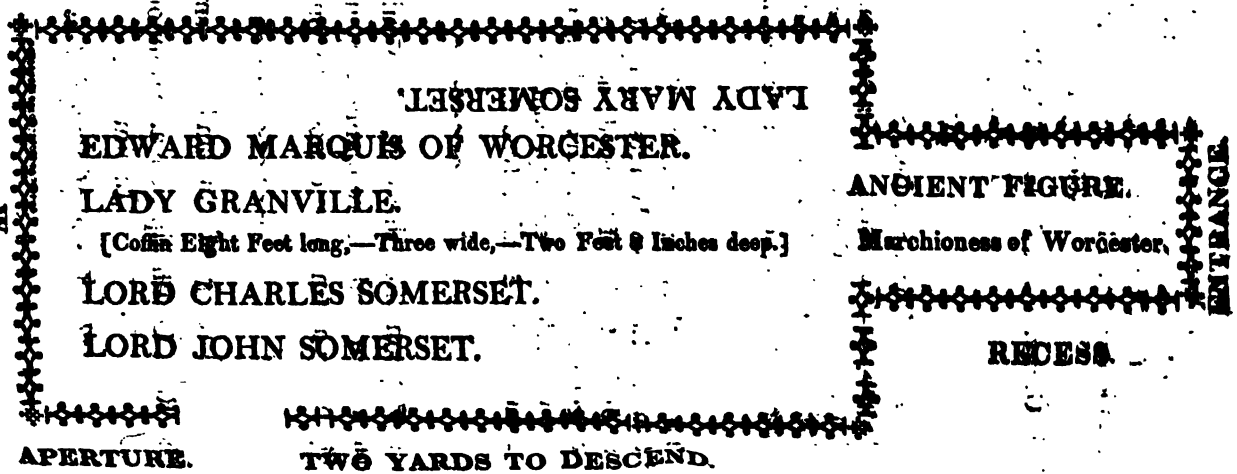
The Rev. C. Phillips, near Monmouth, is the present Incumbent.

The Duke of Beaufort is Patron.

FORM

FORM OF THE VAULT,

WITH THE ORDER IN WHICH THE FAMILY ARE PLACED.



COLLECTANEA.

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

ON the surrender of Ragland Castle to the Army of the Parliament, the Marquis of Worcester, in violation of the treaty with Sir Thomas Fairfax, was committed into the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod; but the period of his confinement was of short duration, for he died in December following, four months after the destruction of his House, and was buried with his ancestors in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a very splendid monument covers his remains. Some authors say, "he was committed to the Tower, where he ended his days,"—but that opinion is not generally credited.

The Reader must permit me to introduce a few more Anecdotes, relating to the nobleman, whose fortune has engaged so much of our attention.

When it was told his Lordship not long before he dyed, that leave was obtained by the Parliament, that he might be buried in Windsor Castle, within the great Chappel, and wherein divers of his ancestors lie buried, with some sprightliness he spake aloud, "God bless us all, why then "I shall take a better Castle when I am dead, than they "took from me whilst I was alive."

Whilst he was under the custody of the Black Rod, for his loyalty to his Sovereign, and the resistance that he made to the forces of the Parliament, he said to a friend of his one day, Lord bless us, what a fearfull thing was this Black Rod when I heard of it at first! It did so run in my mind, that it made an affliction out of mine own imaginations; but when I spoke with the man, I found him a very civil

civil gentleman, but I saw no black rod. So, if we would not let these troubles and apprehensions of ours be made worse by our own apprehensions, *no rods would be black.*

Dr. Bailey lived at Ragland Castle 3 years, in all that time never saw man drunk, nor heard an oath amongst any of all his servants, and very rare it was to see a better ordered family, but that which was most wonderful was, half his servants being Protestants, and half Papists, yet never were at variance in point of religion; which was brought about by prohibiting disputation, neither was any man less accepted for his religion if his service was acceptable, but when the castle was filled with Officers and Soldiers, he used to be much grieved to hear and see the oaths and drunkenness, that was then and there too much practised; insomuch, that when some of his chief Officers had told him how they had fortified such and such a place so and so, and that here the enemy could not come, and there it was impossible. Aye, but said my Lord, you have left the main place open and unfortified, you have made no fortification against heaven, for there is such swearing and drunkenness amongst you, that I fear me, that from thence will come your greatest enemy, and you have made no provision against him.

The Marquess a little before he dyed, having addressed himself to the House of Peers, and having found very hard usage from them, broke forth into these expressions. Oh he said, When the noblest and highest elements court the noise of their waves, the truest emblem of the madness of the people, and when the highest region stoops unto the lower, and the lowest gets up into the highest seat, What can be expected but a chaos of confusion and desolation of the universe? I do believe, that they are so near

near unto their end, that as weak as I am, there is Physic to be had, if a man could find it, to prolong my days, that I might outlive their honours.

During the siege of Ragland, there came a musquet bullet in at the window of the withdrawing room, where my Lord was used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which glancing upon a little marble pillar of the window, and from thence hit the Marquis upon the side of the head, and fell down flatted upon the table, which breaking the pillar in pieces, it made such a noise in the room, that the Countess of Glamorgan, who stood in the same window, ran away, as if the house had been falling down on her head, crying out, O Lord, O Lord; but herself more afraid than hurt, she returned back again, no less excusing herself, as she was pleased to call it rudeness to her father, than acknowledging her fears to all the company: to whom the Marquis said, daughter, you had reason to run away, when your father was knocked on the head; and pausing some while, and turning the flatted bullet round with his finger, he further said, Gentlemen, those who had a mind to flatter me, were wont to tell me, that I had a good head-piece in my younger days; but if I do not flatter myself, I think I have a good head-piece in my old age, or else it would not have been *musquet proof*.

At the King's being at Ragland, there were some information given of some Gentlemen of the county, who were supposed to have done his Majesty many ill offices, by withdrawing the hearts of the people from his Majesty; these men thus accused, were ordered to be laid hold of,

and it was executed accordingly, and they being brought before his Majesty, it was moved by some, that they should be tried forthwith by a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, others advised his Majesty they should be sent to Hereford, and there to be kept in safe custody, until further consultation might be had concerning them, they excusing themselves as well as they could, one of them protesting his innocency with tears in his eyes; the King ordered that he should be released, being always prone to lean to pity rather than justice, and to favourable rather than rigid construction.

The KING coming back from ABERGAVENNY, where this was put in execution, told the Marquess what he had done, and that when he saw them speak so honestly, he could not but give some credit to their words, so seconded by tears, and withal told the Marquess that he had onely sent them to prison, whereupon the Marquess said, what to do? to poyson that Garrison? Sir, you should have done well to have heard their accusations, and then to have shewed what mercy you please. The King told him, that he had heard they were accused by some contrary Faction, as to themselves, who out of distaste they bore to one another upon old grudges, would be apt to charge them more home than the nature of their offences had deserved: to whom the Marquess made this return, "Well Sir, you may chance to gain you the Kingdom "of Heaven by such doings as these, but if ever you get "the Kingdom of England, by such wayes, I will be "your bondman."

Not many hours before he dyed, reflecting upon the Articles that he had waived upon the Surrender of Ragland into the Parliaments hands, Ah Doctor said he, to

Doctor

Doctor Baily, If I had made use of the Articles, which you had procured in my behalf, I had not been now so near unto the end of my life, and the beginning of my happyness; I forsook life, liberty and estate which I might have had, and threw myself upon their mercy, which when I had done, if to seise upon all my goods, to pull down my house, to sell my estate, and to send for up such a weak body, as mine was, so enfeebled by diseases in the dead of winter, and the winter of mine age, be merciful, What are they whose mercies are so cruel. Neither do I expect that they should stop at all this, for I fear they will persecute me after death: you tell me, that when I am dead, you will petition the Parliament for money to bury me, then will they appoint those who will dispose of the time and manner of my burial; and you shall see, that they (being it is so near the good time) will cause me to be buried according to the directory in spight of Christmas-day upon Christmas: and so they did.

The reader will observe that considerable use has been made of a book called the "*Apothegms of the Marquess of Worcester*," which carries with it an apology for extending this Work; but I trust it will receive his candor when he is informed, that independent of the curious particulars with which it makes us acquainted, respecting the nobleman to whom they relate, it employed two years diligent search to obtain, among the first sale libraries in the kingdom, with the additional aid of several friends, whose minds a kindred spirit directed to similar pursuits, all without effect,—and, at last, singularly obtained, by the unprecedented civility of a gentleman, with whom the cover of a Magazine made me accidentally acquainted.

But

But in whatever light the extracts may be viewed, it is by such means only (from the destruction of the library at Ragland Castle), that any information relating to the Marquis of Worcester is now to be obtained.

KING CHARLES, MARQUIS OF WORCESTER, AND DOCTOR BAILEY.

THOUGH the *manners* and *features* of a country, in a work of this kind, are more peculiarly interesting to the stranger, I would not so far insult the good sense of the traveller by supposing, that the conversations of such characters as King Charles, Marquis of Worcester, and Dr. Bailey, his chaplain, which took place, in the hour of adversity, on the spot he has just surveyed with so much satisfaction, can be dismissed from his mind with apathy or indifference.

To the preceeding anecdotes, which lay the hearts of the King and Marquis so open before us, we are presented with a further account of a most interesting interview, with the methods taken to effect it by Doctor Bailey, who was himself the means of bringing his Majesty and his Lordship together on the occasion. It may be considered as a beautiful EPISODE, arising out of the conversation, and written by the Doctor, which shews us, that, after the battle of Naseby, the King retired to Ragland Castle, where he was always sure of meeting with a gracious reception, independent of the pecuniary aid he was further accommodated with by the Marquis. How pathetically does the Monarch here represent his distressed situation, after that decisive engage-

engagement; and with what cheerfulness are his wants relieved by his noble friend!

Many little traits in their respective circumstances are here made known to us,—only to be derived from such sources,—and we have to lament that the Doctor, when speaking of the DANGER from which he extricated the Marquis, which was the means afterwards of cementing an indissoluble friendship between them, did not descend to the particulars of such a singular event.

No person can be more averse to the extension of these pages, by the introduction of subjects not of general interest to the reader, than myself; but being only to be found in a work, equally scarce as the APOTHEGMS before mentioned, it will save the curious visitor some search, if he has not before perused the "Certamen Religiosum," from whence it has been extracted.

After a little prefatory matter, not of any moment, the Doctor thus proceeds:

'THE KING being in the MARQUESS's own house at Ragland, and necessitated to borrow money to buy 'bread! after so great a loss at [the battle of] Naseby [June 15, '1645], the King being thus put to play the after game with the 'old marquess, was a little mistrustful that he had not plaid the 'fore-game with him so well, as that he had not thereby prejudiced the latter: for though the marquess and his son were the 'two ablest, and most forwardest shoulderers up of the declining 'throne, especially the chip of the old block [Earl of Glamorgan] 'whose disposition expressed itself most noble in not caring who 'had loved the king, so that he might be but permitted to love 'Alexander; whom he affected, not only with the loyal respects 'of a subject towards his sovereign, but also, with such passionate ways of expressions, and laboriousness in all good offices, as 'are wont to be predominant in those, in whom sympathy is the only

'only ground of their affections: yet there were not wanting some 'kind of men, who made the averseness of this nobleman's reli- 'gion, an occasion of improving their own envies: which though 'it could never loose him the least ground in his master's 'good opinion of him, yet there were some things which happen- 'ed, as having relation to this family, which were not altogether 'pleasing; however, though his Majesty came thither, usher'd 'by necessity, yet he came neither unwelcomed nor uninvited; 'and entertained as if he had been more King, by reason of some 'late atchivements, rather than otherwise: and though money 'came from him like drops of blood, yet he was contented that 'every drop within his body should be let out at his command, 'so that he might perform so meritorious a piece of work (as he 'thought the being an instrument of bringing the father of his 'country, to be son of his Church) would be unto his souls 'health. The Marquess having these resolutions within himself, 'thought to give them breath at the same time, that his Majesty 'should make his motion for a further supply of money, which he 'daily and hourly expected, but was deceived in his expectations: 'for the relation having already reached the King's ear, how an 'accident had made me no less fortunate to his Lordship, than 'in being the means of preserving his Lordship's person,* and no 'inconsiderable fortune than in the same venture with him, and 'how that I preserved both the one and the other in concealing 'both: for the space that the moon useth to be twice in riding of 'her circuit (the particulars hereof, here to insert, would tend 'rather to much arrogance, than any purpose, wherefore I further 'forbear), until such time as the trust that Providence had re- 'posed in me, was crowned with the same hand, with such suc- 'cess, as brought the Marquess safe to his own own house in 'peace; which I had no sooner brought to pass, but the Mar- 'quess drew from me a solemn engagement, 'never to leave him 'so long as we both should live,' which I was so careful to ob- 'serve, that I never left him in life, nor death, fair weather, nor 'foul, until such time as he led me, and I laid him, under the 'ground in Windsor Castle, in the sepulchre of his fathers.

* Unwilling here to interrupt the narrative, notice of the origin of the friendship between the Earl of Worcester and Doctor Bailey will be taken in a subsequent part of the work.

'And

'And it was a strange thing, that during the time that I was 'thus a bond servant to his Lordship, which was for the space 'of twelve months thrice told, the difference in religion never 'wrought the least difference in his disposals of trusts of the 'highest nature upon me; but his speeches often shewed his 'heart, and his often lending me his ear, that they were both as 'much mine as any man's; of which, it seems, his Majesty being 'informed, I must be the beetle-head, that must drive this wedge 'into the royal stock;—to be brief, I was engaged in the business; 'I could neither deny the employment, nor well tell how to go 'about it, I not knowing the Marquess's drift all this while, 'thought the Marquess had feared nothing more than what I 'myself was most afraid of, viz. That I should be made an in-'strument to let the same horse bleed, whom the King himself 'had found so free, that he was unwilling to give him the least 'touch with his spur: howsoever, I went about it, and thus 'began to tell his Lordship:

The preceding part of the narrative may be considered as the Prolegomena to the conversation between these distinguished personages, which now so highly interests and holds our feelings captive:

'My Lord,—The thing that I feared is now fallen 'upon me; I am made the unwelcome messenger of bad 'news, *the King wants money*:—at which word, the 'Marquess interrupted me, saying, *Hold, sir, that is 'no news,—go on with your business*:—My lord, said I, 'there is one comfort yet, that as the king is brought 'low, so are his demands; and, like his army, are come 'down, from thousands to hundreds: and from paying 'his army, to buying bread for himself and his followers! 'My lord, it is the king's OWN expression, and his desire 'is but three hundred pound:' whereupon my lord made 'a long pause, before he gave me one word of answer, '(I knowing by experience, that in such cases it was best

'leaving

'leaving him to himself)—at last he called me nearer to 'him, and asked me, If the king himself had spoken 'unto me concerning any such business?—to which I 'answered, That the king himself had not, but others 'did, in the king's hearing:—whereupon he said, Might 'I but speak unto him (but I was never thought worthy 'to be consulted with, though in matters merely concern-'ing the affairs of my own country), I would supply his 'wants, were they never so great, or whatsoever they 'were.—Whereupon I told his lordship, That if the king 'knew as much, he might quickly speak with him:—'Then said the marquess, The way to have him know so 'much, is to have somebody to tell him of it.—I asked 'his lordship, If he would give me leave to be the in-'former?—He told me, He spake it to the same pur-'pose. I hastened from him, with as much fear of being 'called back again, as I did towards the king, with a 'longing desire of giving his majesty so good an ac-'count, of my so much doubted embassy.

'Half going and half running through the gallery, 'I was stopt in my way, by one Lieut-Colonel Syllard, 'who told me, that if ever I had a mind to do my lord 'marquess, and the garrison, any good, now was the 'time: for even now, one of the king's ships, had run 'herself on ground, under the town of Chepstow: calling 'unto me the captain of her, (one Captain Hill), who 'related unto me, that upon the surrender of Bristol, 'he was forced to fly into the sanctuary of the king's 'quarters, having formerly revolted from the parliament, '(or rather returned to her due obedience) telling me, 'moreover, that she was fraught with store of goods and 'rich commodities, as sugar, tobacco, linen of all sorts, '&c. and that the law, in such a case, appropriated the 'king to such a part of her lading, which I better

'under-

understood then, than I can relate unto you now, and that she had many fair brass and iron guns in her, with proportionable ammunition, useful for the garrison; and that for a word speaking, I might have all this of the king, for the use of the garrison; I (considering that it would be nevertheless the king's, for being converted to such a use, as also the business I was about), made no doubt, but that I should easily beg all this for the marquess, in consideration of the great charges his lordship had been at, in entertaining his majesty so long; neither was I deceived, for the king granted it willingly.

But as to the matter in hand, I told his majesty (a-part) That I had moved his lordship in matter of money, but found him a little discouraged, in regard, that his majesty having been twice at Ragland, a month at a time, and that at neither of those times he ever vouchsafed his lordship so much honour, as once to call him to council, tho' it was in his own house, and must needs be acknowledged, to be one who knew the country, and the constitution of the inhabitants, better than any other man, that was about his majesty, had reason to understand; wherefore I told the king, I thought his lordship lent my motion a deafer ear than he would have done, if his lordship had not been thought so useless a creature; and that I perceived his lordship had a desire to have some conference with his majesty, which being obtained, I believed his majesty's request would be easily granted, and his expectations answered in a higher measure than it may be his majesty did believe. The king said, With all my heart; and as to the other business, which so much troubles my lord, in troth I have thought it a neglect in us heretofore: but the true reason, why I did forbear to do so, was, because I thought, my Lord of Worcester did not desire it; by reason of his retired-

heat, CUMBERNESS OF BODY, and unwillingness of mind to stir abroad; and therefore I thought it a contentment to him to be let alone. I told his majesty, That I did verily believe he was in the right, in both respects, both of his majesty's and his lordship's; and that if his majesty had called him to council, I did verily believe his lordship would have desired to have been excused, but yet he did expect he should have been called.—Whereupon the king said, I pray tell my lord of Worcester, that I did not forbear that respect unto him, out of any disestimation I had, either of his wisdom or loyalty, but out of some reasons I had to myself, which indeed reflected as much upon my lord as they did on me. For, had he used to have come to the council board, it would have been said, that I took no other council but what was conveyed unto me by Jesuites, by his lordship's means; and I pray tell him, that was the true cause. I told his majesty, That I would, and that I thought it no easy matter to cause him to believe no less.—Withal I intimated to his majesty, that I knew the marquess had an earnest desire to have some private conference with his majesty this night, which, if granted, it might conduce very much to his majesty's behoof. The king said, How can that be.—I told his majesty, That my lord had contrived it before his coming to the castle, and told his majesty of the privacy of the conveyance, and that therefore his lordship had appointed that for his bed chamber, and not the great tower, which was the room he most esteemed of all in the castle. Hereat his majesty smiled, and said, I know my lord's drift well enough, either he means to chide me, or else to convert me to his religion.—Whereupon I told his majesty, I doubted not but that his majesty was temptation proof, as well as he was correction free; and that he might

return

'return the same man he went, having made a profitable 'exchange of gold and silver, for words and sleep.—At 'which the king suddenly replied, I never received any of 'the marquess's gold but it was all weight, and I would 'have my words to be so with him; which cannot be, 'because I have no time to weigh the matter, much less 'the words, that I shall speak concerning it. I must 'expect to find my lord very well prepared, and all the 'force that is in argument against me. Had I been aware 'of it, or could stay, I would have taken some day's 'labour, to have been as hard for my lord as I could, and 'to have given him such an extemporary meeting, 'as both of us must be feign to steal from sleep.—Sir, 'said I,—I am employed by you both, and must do your 'majesty's service as I may. This way I can, otherwise 'I know not. I do not think his lordship expects dispu- 'tation, but audience. What he hath to say, I know 'not; neither did I know that he had any such intention, 'until the time that I moved his lordship in your majesty's 'behalf. Well, said the king, my lord's desires are 'granted; and if he have any such intention, I hope to 'let him know, that I will not be of a Religion I am 'not able to defend against any man;—and let me hear 'from you concerning the time and place.

'So I departed his presence, giving this pleasing ac- 'count unto the marquess, who transported with joy, 'commanded me to haste unto the king, and tell him, 'that at eleven of the clock that night, he would not fail 'to attend his majesty in such a place, whither he had 'given me direction to light his majesty, which place of 'meeting was known by the name of my Lord Privy Seal's 'Chamber, who was father to this marquess, and died in 'it; wherefore this marquess would never suffer any man 'to lie in it afterwards, or scarce any body so much as to

'come

'come into it, which was the reason why this chamber, 'at this time, was so conveniently empty, when all the 'rooms in the castle were more than full. And withal 'his lordship instructed me to attend near upon the time, 'in the with-drawing room, which was next unto his 'lordship's bed-chamber; and to clear the parlour, and 'the with-drawing-room, if any company should chance 'to sit up so long, which was usual at that time, through 'both which rooms my lord of Worcester was to pass, 'unto the place appointed: where, when I had once 'brought him, I should leave him, and wait for the King's 'coming forth, giving me the key of his bed-chamber, 'wherewith he used always to lock himself in, and never 'to his last would suffer any man to lie in the same cham-'ber with him, which happened well for the private mana-'gerie of the business. And that in the interim, he *would* 'lie down upon the bed, and see if he could take a nap. 'I promised his lordship, that I would be punctual in my 'endeavours; only I made this objection unto his lord-'ship, that it might be that it might prove more than I 'could perform at such a precise time, as we were ne-'cessitated unto; if they should be either unwilling, or 'think it strange, to be hurried away all upon a sudden; 'and besides, so doing would draw suspicion with it, 'that may set watchmen over the event of our affairs;— 'whereat the marquess hastily made answer, I will tell 'you what you shall do, so that you shall not need to 'fear any such thing;—Go unto the yeoman of the wine-'cellar, and bid him leave the keys of the wine-cellar 'with you, and all that you find in your way, invite them 'down into the cellar, and shew them the keys, and I war-'rant you shall sweep the room of them, if there were a 'hundred; and when you have done, leave them there.— 'I thought that objection sufficiently salved, so took my

'leave

leave, disposing myself to a removal of all the blocks that might be cast in our way, I found not any.

'The time drawing near, that the Dominical Letter 'was to dispute with the Golden Number, I opened the 'marquess's door so softly, fearing to awake the two 'young gentlemen which waited upon my lord, and were 'in bed and asleep in the next room, through which we 'were to pass, and resolved to put it to the venture, 'whether we could do so or no; but we passed and re-'passed without their taking any the least notice of us; 'that the marquess himself did not hear me;—when I 'came to him, I found him asleep; whom I so wakened, 'by degrees, that he would needs persuade me that he 'had not slept at all. Yet telling him, how the time was 'come, wherein he was to meet the king,—in amazement, 'and a kind of horror, he asked me, *What time, and what 'king?*—At first, I thought it so strange to him, because 'he was as yet but a stranger to himself, as not being 'thoroughly awaked; but when I saw his fears begin to 'increase, by how much the more he came to himself; 'and to lay stronger and stronger hold upon him, ex-'pressing a great deal of unwillingness, to that which he 'formerly so much desired; and with such a kind of 'reluctancy, as might very well spread an appearance of 'some remorse; I myself began to be afraid of being 'made an instrument in a design, that carried with it 'such a conflict within the bosom of the actor; until my 'second thoughts banished my first apprehension, and 'seconded my confidence of his lordship's innocence; 'being confirmed by this following expression of his; '*God bless us all! what if we should be discovered; 'what construction would they make of our doings? 'what advantage would they be ready to take of such* con-

constructions? what if this harmless and innocent design of mine should be thought a conspiracy, such a one as Gowrie's? then they will take an occasion to plunder me of all that I have: I protest I never thought of this; I wish I never had attempted any such thing. Whereupon I told his lordship, that it was now too late to entertain any such fears; neither was there any ground for any such jealousy:—whereat the marquess replied, *Fie, fie, I would to God that I had let it alone.*

I perceiving this tergiversation to proceed out of an awefulness, which his loyal heart ever carried with it towards his sacred majesty, which might very well raise doubts of a high nature, thus spake unto his lordship:—My lord, you know your own heart best; if there be nothing in your intentions but what is good and justifiable, you need not fear; if otherwise, it is never too late to repent:—at which words the marquess seemed to be much troubled, saying, Ah, Doctor, I thought I had been sure of one friend, and that you would never have harboured the least suspicion of me: God knows my heart, I have no other intention towards his majesty, than to make him a glorious man here, and a glorified saint hereafter. Then said I, My lord, shake off these fears, together with the drowsyness that begat them:—Honi soit qui mal y pense:—O, said my lord, but I am not of that order; but, I thank God, I wear that motto about my heart to as much purpose, as they who wear it about their arms; and began to be a little pleasant, and took a pipe of tobacco, and a little glass full of AQUA MIRABILIS, and said, Come now, let us go, in the name of God, crossing himself. I had no sooner brought my lord to the door of the meeting chamber, but the clock struck eleven; whereupon I presently left my

lord,

lord, in the portal, where he would needs be, until such time as the king were entered the room, and should send for him in; and went to the place where I was to expect the king, according to the intimation, which I had formerly given his majesty.

'I had not been long there, before his majesty came forth, saying unto me softly, *I have escaped one danger, none within my chamber knows of my coming abroad this night!*—to which I answered, That if it were discovered, I hope there is nothing in the exploit so dangerous, as to deserve such a word:—to which his majesty made answer (as I waited upon his majesty), Mispresons, ill constructions, and false judgments, are dangers worth escaping at any time; and therefore, where I run a hazard, I always escape a danger. They who carry only their own eyes in their head, and have no other upon them, may go which way they please; but he that hath all the people's eyes upon him, must look which way he goes.—(by this time his majesty was come into the chamber, who continuing on his saying, spake further).—Neither is it sufficient for him to lead theirs, according to the perspicuity and quickness of his own, but he must allow them the abatements, which either the distance of the object, the indisposition of the organ, or the mis-disposition of some bad mediums may require in vulgar spirits, by reason of their incapacity of looking further than appearance.

'I answered the king in these words,—May it please your most excellent majesty, to give me leave to speak, under the highest corrections, I conceive these to be singular good caveats and antidotes against real evil, but not against appearances;—desiring his majesty to pardon me further, in regard that I had left my lord

marquess

marquess in the dark.—O, said the king, you should have spoke sooner to bring him in.—I left his majesty, and brought in the marquess; who coming in, leaning upon my arm (as he used to do), merrily began the discourse:

Marquess.—'Sir, I hope if they catch us in the act, 'it will not be deemed in me an act of so high conspiracy, 'in regard that I enter the Lists leaning upon a Doctor 'of your own Church. [Meaning Dr. Bayley.]'

King.—'My lord, I know not whether I should have 'a better opinion of your lordship for the doctor's sake, 'or a worse opinion of the doctor for your lordship's sake; 'for though you lean much upon his arm, yet he may 'lean more upon your judgment.'

I shall be brief in what follows.—After the marquess's most honourable repetition of the cause of his attachment to doctor Bayley,—with his wishes for the King to turn to the Church of Rome, and thereby relieve his Catholic subjects from the unpleasant situation they were then in, from their supposed attachment to his person, evidently shewn by their subscriptions for the alleviation of his necessities, he proceeds directly to ask his majesty, 'Sir, I 'pray tell me what is it that you want?'—At which the king smiling said, 'My lord, I want an army, can you 'help me to one?' Yes, replies the marquess, 'that I 'can: and to such a one, as should your majesty commit 'yourself to their fidelity, you should be a conqueror 'as often as you please.'

King.—'My lord, such an army would do the business: I pray let me have it.—*Mar.*—'What if your 'majesty would not confide in it, when it was presented 'unto you?—*King.*—'My lord, I would feign see it, and

'as

'as feign confide in that, of which I had reason to be 'confident.'—'Then said the marquess, take Gideon's 'three hundred men, and let the rest begone.'—*King.*—'Your lordship speaks a little mistically; will it please 'you to be plain a little?'—*Mar.*—'Come, I see I must 'come nearer to you. Sir, It is thus; God expected a 'work to be done by your hands, but you have not 'answered his expectation, nor his mercy towards you;—'when your enemies had more cities and garrisons than 'you had private families to take your part; when they 'had more cannon than you had muskets; when the peo-'ple crowded to heap treasures against you, whilst your 'majesty's friends were feign here and there to make a 'gathering for you; when they had navies at sea, whilst 'your majesty had not so much as a boat upon the river; 'whilst the odds in number against you was like a full crop 'against a gleaning; then God wrought a miracle, in 'making your gleaning bigger than their vintage; he put 'the power into your hand, and made you able to declare 'yourself a true man to God, and grateful to your friends; 'but like the man, whom the prophet makes mention of, 'who bestowed great costs and pains upon his vineyard, 'and at last it brought forth nothing but wild grapes; so 'when God had done all these things for you, and ex-'pected that you should have given the church some 'respite from her oppressions, I heard say you made 'vows, that if God blessed you but that day with victory '[Naseby fight], you would not leave a Catholic in your 'army; for which I fear the Lord is so angry with you, 'that I am afraid he will not give you another day wherein 'you may so much as try your fortune. Your majesty 'had forgot the monies which came unto you from un-'known hands, and were brought unto you by unknown 'faces, when you promised you would never forsake your

'unknown friends; you have forgotten the miraculous 'blessings of the Almighty upon those beginnings, and 'now have you discountenanced, distrusted, disregarded, 'aye, and disgraced the Catholics all along, and at last 'vowed an extirpation of them: Doth not your majesty 'see clearly, how that in the two great battles, the North 'and Naseby, God shewed signs of his displeasure, when 'in the first your enemies were even at your mercy, con-'fusion fell upon you, and you lost the day, like a man 'that should so wound his enemy that he could scarce 'stand, and afterwards his own sword should fly out of 'the hilt, and leave the strong and skilful to the mercy 'of his falling enemies:—and in the second (and I fear 'me the last battle you'l fight), whilst your men were 'crying, Victory! as I hear they had reason so to *do*, 'your sword broke in the air, which made you a *fugitive* 'to your flying enemies.

After the marquis had craved pardon of the king, 'for 'this freedom of speech,' and his majesty, in reply, had denied the remembrance of his vows against the Catholics, the conversation turned immediately to the 'differences, in 'controversy, between the Protestant and Papist;' which continued (but without any further interest to this work), till a late hour: when the king growing fatigued and sleepy, requested the marquis to commit his further sentiments to paper, to be delivered to him by Doctor Bailey,—which was assented to by the marquis, on condition that his majesty would not, by an after publication, suffer his opinions to be acted upon against him, the conversation on that subject ended.

Whereupon, says Dr. Bailey, the marquess called upon me to help him, so that he might kneel; and being upon his knees, he desired to kiss his majesty's hand:—adding,

adding, Sir, I have not a thought in my heart that tends not to the service of my God and you! Hereupon he fell a weeping, bidding me to light his majesty to his chamber.—Thus they both parted,—and as I was lighting the king to his chamber, his majesty told me, 'that he did 'not think to have found the OLD MAN so ready at it,—'and that he was a long time in putting on his armour, 'yet it was hardly proof.'

Dr. Bayley observes, that the king was not only able, constant, and resolute in his religion, but, as the case then stood with him, resisted a very strong temptation; for at that time the king was low, and wanted help; poor, and wanted money; and no man in the kingdom was then likelier to help to both than the marquis, who was considered as *the most monied man in the nation*, and who, to the utmost of his power, never denied him either; and would, at this time, willingly have parted with all, if his majesty could have been guilty but of so much dissimulation, as not to have left the marquis altogether in despair of ever accomplishing his design upon him.

We are now arrived at a most important period of British history, and to be treading upon embers scarcely cold.—On the 15th of September, 1645,* the KING took his leave of RAGLAND CASTLE,—and, on his departure, after this conference, observed, *that it was to ease his lordship of a great burthen.* Distracted as he then was, from not knowing where to go, his majesty, with his attendants, wandered about this and the adjoining counties, accepting protection from every family

* "Iter Carolum," Volume II. "Collectanea Curiosa."

of

of respectability, who had fortune and inclination to administer to his distress.*

As an effort, on the part of the marquis, to aid the sinking cause of his sovereign, he permitted his son, lord Herbert, to accept a commission from the king, allowing him to raise and arm a body of 500 horse, and 15,00 foot, at his father's sole expence, which he accomplished with incredible expedition. The horse he put under the command of his brother, lord John Somerset (stiled *a maiden soldier)*, and the foot under colonel Lawley, whom he made his major-general, a brave and spirited officer, who was soon after killed, by a stone thrown from a window at Coleford, [six miles from Monmouth], where a rabble of the country people had assembled, to prevent the passage of this force through the Forest of Dean, on its march towards Glocester, where it was going, *to assist* at the siege of that city, and took up their quarters at the Vineyard, a short distance from it, near the banks of the Severn. But Sir William Waller, who was then on the borders of Wiltshire, came rapidly down to the Severn, and having some flat boats there ready to meet him, immediately passed over:—the guard being either sottishly or treacherously neglected, upon the advance of Sir William, the consternation was so great among the new Welch soldiers, that without giving or receiving a blow, they fairly sent out to treat, and as kindly delivered up themselves and arms, upon the single grant of quarter,

* Sir William Morgan, Tredegar,—Sir Philip Morgan, Ruperra,—Mr. Gunter, Abergavenny,—Mr. Moore, Crick,—Mr. Pritty, Newport,—and Mr. Pritchard, Lancaya,—are families particularly mentioned in the work above quoted. RAGLAND was a sort of central point, from whence the KING set out, and again returned to, as best suited with his situation. Many "CRUEL DAYS," meaning, marching from early in the morning till late at night, and without food, are noticed in these journies over the country.

though

though their works were too good to be entered by dragoons; though the avenues were but narrow, in all which they had cannon planted; and their numbers very near, if not fully, equal to the enemy;—a submission so like a stratagem, that Waller himself could hardly trust it.

Lord Herbert was at Oxford, and lord John Somerset, with three or four troops, at a safe distance from the rest.

This, says a titled historian, was the end of that unfortunate army (the raising of which was considered such an effort on the part of the marquis, that scarcely any other nobleman in the realm could have accomplished), which grew up and perished so soon, that the loss of it was scarce apprehended at Oxford, because the strength, or rather the number, was not understood. But, adds the above authority, if the money which was laid out in raising, arming, and paying, that body of men, which never advanced the king's service in the least degree, had been brought into the king's receipt at Oxford, to have been employed to the most advantage, I am perswaded the war might have been ended the next summer. For I have heard the lord Herbert say, "That those prepa-"rations, and the other, which by that defeat was ren-"dered useless, cost above threescore thousand pounds; "the greatest part of which was advanced by his "father."

The conclusion of these transactions is too awfully impressed on our memories. The summer of the succeeding year, brought with it the destruction of Ragland Castle; and the winter of it, the marquis, in captivity, to his grave; while the Sovereign, after witnessing the death of his friend, and leading a life of fear and sorrow,

was,

was, in the space of a few years, led to the scaffold,—receiving the termination of a miserable existence from the hands of the common executioner.

Never do I tread the principal apartments in the castle, without calling to my recollection the intersting Conference,—so much the subject of these pages,—that took place between the king and the marquis in those rooms; nor cast my eyes around the stately hall, without picturing to my imagination the monarch of the land, seated round the spacious fire, in social converse, with the marquis, his lady, and *thirteen* children,—an highly gratifying spectacle to the lovers of domestic happiness,—what a pity that the intrusion of politics should ever have disturbed its felicity!

DOCTOR BAILEY.*

By a little tract I hold, I am informed, that Doctor Bailey, chaplain to the marquis, was Sub-Dean of Wells, and son of Doctor Lewis Bailey, once bishop of Bangor,—whose acquaintance with his lordship originated in the following circumstance:

"Meeting accidentally with the marquis, at the beginning of the war, he acquainted him with the near approach of some parliament forces; by which notice he escaped the present danger; and had so great an affection to the Doctor for it, that he took him with him to Ragland Castle, his chief place of residence, where he continued till the King's coming thither, and remained with his lordship to the hour of his death."

* Without doubt he also published the book of APOTHEGMS, as well as the CONFERENCE, though it does not bear his Name.

NOTICES OF RAGLAND.

ON the authority of the late Dr. Griffin, who favoured me with his sentiments, this place derives its name from RHAGLAW, Welch, *The Seat of the Chief Governor of the District.* In support of the Doctor's assertion, I insert the kind communication of another Clergyman, whose civilities I have to acknowledge beyond a trifling etymology:

"Ragland, in my opinion, is derived from *Rhaglaw*, "which is the Welch word commonly used for a "*Governor.* It is well known that Ragland was formerly spelt *Rhaglan*;—the Welch sound of the letter "*w* not being pleasant to an English ear, the letter *a* "was gradually substituted in its stead, first in the "pronunciation, and afterwards in the spelling. This "transition appears to me very probable, for we have a "further instance within these very few years, viz. that, "to *englishize* the word still more, the letter *d* has "been added to it.

"When we consider the simplicity of the word, and "how far the Church was connected with the Castle,—"built, very probably, for the use of the Family there "residing,—nothing could be more consistent than that "the Church should be called the GOVERNOR'S "(*Rhaglaw*) Church." This derivation not having been any where *before* attempted, may prove interesting to many of my readers, who may wish to be made acquainted with it. It receives a great degree of cheerfulness from standing in the centre of four principal turnpike roads that

that branch from it, viz. Chepstow, from whence it is distant twelve,—Abergavenny, ten,—Usk, five,—and Monmouth eight miles, all good market towns; which is still further increased by that interesting object the CASTLE, whose magnificent ruins are resorted to, particularly in the summer season, by strangers from every part of the kingdom.

The Soil is a stiff clay, very favourable to the growth of wheat, large quantities of which grain it produces,—with fine meadow and pasture land; nor are the orchards undeserving of mention, though they are not so numerous as in some parts nearer Herefordshire. The Duke of Beaufort owns almost the whole of the Parish,—for though a few families have estates in it, their lands united bear but a very small proportion to his Grace's property. The Mail Coach to and from London passes (up and down) daily through the village;—and Mr. North's London and other Waggons, twice a week, backwards and forwards, regularly. In short,—a stranger who wished to pass a little time in looking over the country, would find Ragland quite a central situation, and near those different objects of curiosity, Tintern Abbey, Piercefield Walks, Chepstow, the Passages, Usk, and Abergavenny, all of which are worthy of his notice.

The *Beaufort Arms Inn* has also been lately fitted up, in a tasteful manner, by Mr. HALLEN,—affording that quiet and comfort so much to be desired by strangers, who travel with the view of enjoying these scenes at their ease and convenience.

The late Mrs. Pytt's House, at the West end of the Churchyard, a curious building, of ten rooms on the ground floor, inclosed within a square brick wall, and the front thickly planted with luxuriant shrubs, is now occupied by Mr. Chambers, who formerly kept the above INN.

EXCURSION TO MR. OATES'S HOUSE,

KEVENTILLA;

THE HEAD QUARTERS OF

GENERAL SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

ABOUT four miles, south-west from Ragland, stands Keventilla; rendered distinguishable from having been the head quarters of General Sir Thomas Fairfax during the siege, as also for the meeting of the Commissioners who signed the Treaty, for the surrender of Ragland Castle.*

Supplied by Mr. Tregoze.—Mr. Oates, at his death, left an only daughter, who was married to - - - - Jones, esq. of Buckland, in Breconshire; by him she had a son, who married a lady of the name of Evers;—Jones, jun. dying, she was again married to Sir John Price, of Newton Court, Montgomeryshire, and for her jointure had Keventilla settled upon her, in lieu of ready money. From them it descended to a Captain Evers, who resided some time upon the estate; but afterwards sold it to the present Mr. Philip Lloyd, in whose possession it now remains. It is situate in the parish of Llandenny,—and signifies, in

* Mr. Jones's M.S. says,—"Mr. OATES married the sister of Mr. KEMEYS, of Pertholey [near Usk, in this county],—came to Wales with Bishop Field, Bishop of Hereford,—was a Proctor,—has raised a great estate, and made his house beautiful and fair,—and is now in the Commission of the Peace."—There is no date to the M.S. The writer was in hopes of meeting with some important memorials, which the collector intended, at a future day, to have embodied, respecting the conclusion of the TREATY, and the characters which signed it;—but the above short paragraph was all the notice it took, either of the place or of the parties.

Which, *A low Ridge of Hills*; which is perfectly correspondent, being placed in a valley, surrounded with woodland and other slopes, cloathed or cultivated to their summits.

Pursuing the road leading to Usk for three miles, we arrive at a public house, called the Taylor's Hall,—where a lane, on the left hand, about half a mile long, leads directly to the mansion. It is a large stone edifice, of a dark stucco colour, with a spacious court in front, formerly enclosed with a high wall, but now nearly razed to the ground.

Much as it has suffered from the wild dilapidations of a late occupier, as well as in its uniformity by the heavy impost of window duty, a part of the original front remains sufficiently intire to shew the style of the building. The appearance of the windows on one side have a fine effect, which project forward, forming half an hexagon, with stone montens and transoms, moulded with a large ovelo. A low porch disgraces the entrance, which seems to have been afterwards added, as it bears the date of 1723.

A wide and lofty passage divides the ground floor; on each side of which is a large room, but that on the left hand is quite destroyed,—the other is used as a kitchen. Through this, by an old fashioned oak staircase, we are conducted to what may be deemed the STATE ROOM; and it deserves to be noticed, that the principal apartment is on the *second floor*. This room, though *shorn of its beams*, still claims the traveller's attention. It measures ten yards long, by six and a half wide, with four grand windows on one side, and two on the other; but these have been taken down and diminished, for the reason before assigned. At the upper end is a large fire-place; above which, in the centre, are the family arms, curiously wrought

wrought in stucco, and in the finest preservation. On each side are two ancient bass relief figures, standing in circular recesses, formed with pilasters, and an archivolt of the same kind of ornament. At the bottom is the date of the erection, viz. 1616. The whole has a very grand effect, the upper decorations being five feet four inches high, and eight feet wide. The armorial bearings are as follow, viz.

I. Three lions rampant.

II. A cross, charged with 5 mullets pierced.

III. Three fleur de lys.

IV. A chevron, charged with three bugle horns stringed, between three bull's heads cabossed.

V. Checquie, on a fesse three leopard's faces.

This is *now* the only room in the house deserving notice, a former tenant (with the consent of Captain Evers) having stripped the floors of their boards, and made use of them for every purpose to which they could be converted, so that the inside exhibits, in many places, a perfect skeleton.

In justice to General Fairfax's discernment we must confess, that he secured for himself a good billet during his stay in Monmouthshire, by fixing on this house for his Quarters; for independent of its proximity to the scene of action which employed his attention, it was the best mansion (if we except then Sir Trevor Williams's at Llangiby Castle, near Usk), in that part of the county.

It is impossible to tread these rooms without calling to our recollection the memorable characters that have passed in review before us, who, while living, bore such a distinguished share in the transactions here under consideration; nor can we refrain from heaving a sigh over the fate of once opulent families, whose Names the Revolution of Fortune has so soon sunk among the general

mass

mass of mankind! The Writer has endeavoured to obtain in the neighbourhood, "Some Anecdote of the conclu- "sion of this business, as well as of the parties who met "here, and signed the Treaty;"—but such is the oblivion in which the transactions are involved, that even the Mansion House is little known in the county; and, with regard to its *eventful history*, many otherwise well-informed persons, of whom he made enquiry, seemed *surprised* when acquainted with the *motives* for his curiosity.

In the Church of Landenny is a mural monument, erected by Mrs. Elizabeth Oates, to the memory of her father, Mr. Roger Oates, who died Sept. 17, 1706, aged 67; and Mr. Rogers Oates, her brother, who died Aug. 3, 1700, aged 27.

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX,

[AFTERWARDS LORD FAIRFAX].

Having paused on the conclusion of our account of Ragland Castle, to notice the fate of the marquis of Worcester; let us, while on this no less interesting spot, call to our recollection the memory of Sir Thomas Fairfax, which holds forth a curious political lesson:—for, after his military talents had, in a great measure, been instrumental in bringing the reigning Sovereign to the scaffold; we see him, at another period of his life, exerting his efforts to restore the fugitive Prince and son to the throne of his ancestors!

We are presented by him with a little tract, called, "Short memorials of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, written by "himself;" and as the work informs us, "to assist his "recollection of past events."

A dis-

A distinguished writer of the present age observes on the above character, "That the chief part of the persons "who have been the most active in promoting revolutions "in kingdoms, have in general, after their experience "of the dangers and miseries consequent upon them, "been very open in proclaiming them to the world."

Mr. Bryan Fairfax, the editor of his lordship's papers, says, "That most tragical and deplorable part of the "Civil War, the death of the King, he utterly from his "soul abhorred, and lamented to his dying day; and "never mentioned it but with tears in his eyes. Indeed, "as his lordship by no means consented to it, so was he "much surprised when Sir Thomas Herbert told him, "that the fatal stroke had been given."

He further thus proceeds:

"The retired part of his life gave him greater satisfaction than all his former victories, when he lived quietly at his own house, at Nun-Appleton, in Yorkshire; always earnestly wishing and praying for the restitution of the Royal Family, and fully resolved to lay hold on the first good opportunity to contribute his part towards it; which made him always lookt upon with a jealous eye by the usurpers of that time.

"As soon as he was invited by General Monk to assist him against Lambert's army, he cheerfully embraced the occasion, and appeared at the head of a brave body of gentlemen of Yorkshire; and upon the reputation and authority of his name, the Irish Brigade of 1200 horse forsook Lambert's army, and joined with him; the consequence was the immediate breaking of all Lambert's forces, which gave General Monk an easy march into England.

"This was always acknowledged, not only by General Monk, but by the King himself, as a signal testimony of his zeal to make amends for what was past, and of the very considerable assistance he gave towards the restoring the Royal Family.

"After he had waited on his Majesty in Holland, as one of the Commissioners sent to invite him home, and had seen the King established on his throne, he retired again into his own country, where he died in peace, in the 60th year of his age, anno 1671, leaving behind him only daughter the Lady Mary Dutchess of Buckingham."

BRIEF NOTICES OF LLANDENNY,

IN WHICH PARISH KEVENTILLA IS SITUATED.

[Llandenny is a Welsh word, and signifies "The Church dedicated to Saint Dennis.

Llandenny is situated two miles from Ragland, and near it runs the turnpike road leading from thence to Chepstow and both the Passages. The Manor House, called Treworgan, stands near the highway, and equalled, in its day, Mr. Oates's residence before mentioned.

Prior to the appearance of these pages, it was unknown even to the inhabitants, "That the fine meadows in *this* "parish formed the DAIRY FARM of the Marqus *of* "Worcester, when he resided at Ragland Castle."—The Rev. Mr. Jones's M.S. thus mentions it: "Llandenny, "situated on the river ALWAY, hath excellent meadow "and corn grounds, woods and pastures, where the Ld. "of Worcester had his *Dairy Farm*, but is now in the "hands of Mr. Roger Williams, of Newport."—As corresponding testimony of the above information, the house inhabited by Mr. HOPKINS retains the name of the "MARDEE," which, in Welch, signifieth the DAIRY, to the present period.

What place, in the neighbourhood of Ragland, could have been so happily selected for such a purpose? Large meads, of the richest verdure, extend themselves to Usk, a distance of four miles, through which the stream of the ALWAY flows, while valuable herds of cattle, cropping its herbage, give a greater interest and animation to the scene. Indeed, in all my walks over the county hitherto enjoyed, I could not point out, taken altogether, such an agreeable

agreeable path, in the summer season, within the distance of many miles. Several families, of landed fortune, resided in this parish. Besides Mr. Oates, of Keventillo, the owners of Treworgan, and the Jenkins's of Lydiath-melyn, deserve mention; but the former was sold to the late Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, near Monmouth, now the property of his widow (whose tenant, Mr. Hall, farms the estate), while the tablet in the Church is all that now remains, to tell us that such persons as the latter ever existed,—the family being extinct, the house fallen into decay, and the land let to a farmer.

The CHURCH is situated on a gentle eminence; and from appearance seems to have been erected about the same time as that of Ragland, being built on the same plan, and with the same kind of stone.—But after Mr. Oates's monument, there is nothing either within or without the walls to arrest the stranger's attention.

The preceding is the only interesting parish (if we except St. Arvons,) lying near the road between Ragland and Chepstow. The country is also hilly and barren, without any object to relieve it till we arrive at Persfield.

In this parish, at two miles on the road from Ragland to Usk, situate on a pleasant eminence, stands THE TON, late the country residence of William Harrison, esq. of Red Lion Square, London, son of the *Inventor of the Time Piece*; whose father was rewarded, for his ingenious discovery, with twenty thousand pounds, by the British Legislature. It has since been sold to John Olive, esq. and is now occupied by Mr. Nicholas, who farms the estate. At the end of the garden is a beautiful *Elm Tree*, under whose protecting shade, the pleasure of society has here been often most happily enjoyed.

THE ROAD
FROM RAGLAND TO ABERGAVENNY.

Which may be deemed the most agreeable Ride, And Ten Miles of the best Road, in Monmouthshire.

LEAVING RAGLAND, we pass through a pleasant, inclosed, and cultivated district, for two miles,—when on reaching Clytha Cottage, the residence of Miss Jones, the country begins to disclose the luxuriant vales and hilly terminations, so much the pride and ornament of Monmouthshire.

About a mile to the right of this part of the turnpike road, stands

LANARTH COURT,

[The etymology of the Rev. Mr. Jones says, "A beautiful place."]

The residence of John Jones, esq. one of the most elegant mansions in the county. The house, which occupies a pleasing situation in the vale, is fitted up in a stile of elegance compatible with the fortune of its worthy owner,—with the accommodations of library, green-house, gardens, and appendages to property; while in front an extensive lake winds its mazy course thro' the finest demense lands, which support a peculiar breed of cattle, remarkable for their fine growth and beauty. Pasturage, says Mr. Gilpin, not only presents an agreeable surface, but the Cattle that graze it add great variety and animation to the scene.

Returning again to the Road.—Descending the hill at Clytha Cottage, we come in view of

CLYTHA HOUSE,

The residence of the late William Jones, esq. uncle to John Jones, esq. of Lanarth Court.

This

This mansion, like the preceding, ranks among the first houses in Monmouthshire; and is fitted up in a corresponding stile of neatness and elegance; with gardens of great extent, laid out in a fine taste, whose walls are richly cloathed with the choicest fruit trees, the whole of which owes its origin to the decorative hand of their very liberal and accomplished possessor. The approach to the mansion is thro' a lately erected *Gothic gateway*, —much admired by strangers for its taste and elegance. At the distance of near half a mile from the house, from which it is separated by the turnpike road, a spacious field, adorned with plantations, and decorated with the most beautiful walks, in serpentine form, conducts to a building, called

THE CASTLE,

Which, in point of situation, and tasteful ornaments of the interior, may be deemed a kind of *Fairy Region*, and reflects the highest credit on the gentleman whose fortune gave it existence.

The building occupies a gentle rise in front of Mr. Jones's house, —from whence it is an interesting object, —and is built on a Gothic model, with circular towers at the north-west and south-west angles, —the principal front extending near an hundred feet in length. In the centre is placed a neat marble tablet, which announces the domestic affliction that induced Mr. Jones to the undertaking:

"This building was erected in the year 1788, by William Jones, of "Clytha House, Esq. Fourth Son of John Jones, of Lanarth Court, "Monmouthshire, Esq. and Husband to Elizabeth, the last surviving "Child of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, K. B. and Grand-daughter "of the most noble William, Second Duke of Devonshire. It was under-"taken for the Purpose of relieving a Mind sincerely afflicted by the "Loss of a most excellent Wife, whose remains were deposited in "Lanarth Church Yard, A. D. 1787, and to the Memory of whose "Virtues this Tablet is dedicated."

No part of the kingdom can exceed this spot for the beauty and variety of the prospect which it commands; nor should I omit here pointing out the different objects contained in the view, but for the purpose of introducing them under HILLGROVE, which will equally apply to both places.

PANT-Y-GOITRE,

A handsome brick house, the residence of — Bury, esq. adds another ornament to this delightful part of the county, being happily placed within a fine section of the river Usk,—which, with its ornamental grounds, and tasteful appendages, render it little inferior to the mansions before noticed.

The Church of Lanarth contains a handsome mural Monument, bearing a long appropriate Inscription, to the memory of the Lady of William Jones, esq. of Clytha,—which, with some few armorial bearings, carved on the sides of the Reading Desk, and on the upright posts of seats, are all the objects of interest within its walls.

HILLGROVE.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the road, stands the pleasant mansion of the late Rev. John Jones, whose kindness I have mentioned in the *Preface* to this Work. In attempting to illustrate this part of the tour, I feel a peculiar degree of pleasure in bringing forward this highly beautiful little spot,—the description of which was written by its worthy owner, and given to me for insertion, while enjoying the pleasures of his society in the GROTTO, from whence the surrounding objects here mentioned were surveyed; which equals, in point of situation, any residence between Monmouth and Abergavenny, the intermediate towns.

The

'The situation is within the hamlet of Clytha, on the 'turnpike road leading from Abergavenny to Usk, distant from the former six miles, from the latter five, from 'Pont-y-pool eight, from Monmouth ten; in a fine fertile 'country, and one of the best neighbourhoods in Mon-'mouthshire,—having

Lanarth Court,	Lansanfraed Court,
Clytha House and Castle,	Langattock House, and
Trostre Lodge,	Pant-y-goitre;

'With several other respectable dwelling houses, of 'gentlemen of property.

'THE PROSPECT,

'*Which is Westward, may be thus described:*

'About ten degrees from the south point, westward, 'we view a remarkable *Beech Tree*, the property of Mr. 'Prothero, of Usk, called, as is imagined, from its pecu-'liar appearance, *Y Flawydden Deg*, which, in English, 'signifies the *beautiful Beech Tree*. The situation of 'this tree is such, that it is seen from most elevated 'points in the county; and, from the Bristol Channel, is 'reckoned a landmark. A few degrees more to the west, 'is seen *Pen Twyn Bann Lwyn*, commonly called *Pen-'twmbarlon*. This, no doubt, in former times, was a '*Beacon*, and is situated near that noted ruin, called '*Caer Beli*, or *Caerphilly Castle*, in Glamorganshire. 'More to the westward, are seen the hills that incircle 'Pont-y-pool, near which is the seat of Capel Leigh, 'esq.; and the over-hanging woods, in the park, are 'embellished with a building, erected on Mynudd Bach, 'by the late Capel Hanbury, esq.—from hence a very 'agreeable prospect.

'Further to the right, and in front of this spot, is the, '*Blorange hill*, which affords as fine a landscape as can

'be

'be imagined for ten miles. A few degrees north of the 'Blorange, and quite under the hill, is the town of '*Abergavenny*;—to the right of which we see, to the 'completest and most charming advantage, those ad- 'mired hills, called the *Skirrid Fach*, the *Sugarloaf*, 'and the *Skirrid Fawr*;—and, further on, in the same 'direction, the *Bwlch hill*, beyond Crickhowell,—the '*Black mountain* and the *Hatterall hills*, in Breconshire, 'with the *Cwmyoy hills*, in Monmouthshire. In short, 'the prospect is a semicircle of hills, the outline of which 'may be supposed an extent of it least *eighty miles*. 'These eminences maintain such a dignity in the scene, 'that grandeur and sublimity are united in a singular 'manner; the whole forming such a noble amphitheatre, 'adorned with the most charming and picturesque views 'of hills, churches, gentlemen's seats, farm houses, 'groves, vales, meads, and the meandering form and 'course of the river Usk, which presents itself from 'hence in *five different points of view*, that few prospects 'can possibly be more delightful and engaging. More- 'over, should the eye be fatigued by such a prodigality 'of beauty, and glad to be shrouded a-while from the 'view of it, near this spot is found a little grove, wherein 'are a few walks, with seats so judiciously arranged 'and formed, that a partial view of the prospect is seen 'from among the boughs of trees.'

LINES ON THE GROTTO AT HILLGROVE.

"Here sleep, AMBITION!—be this GROT thy Tomb!
"Vanish, and give the calmer Passions room!
"Avaunt, vain world! this solitary grove
"Nor fears thy Malice, nor invites thy Love;
"And though, like thine, its dark and winding maze,
"Tangles our path, and for awhile betrays,
"Let Patience guide,—and, one short trial past,
"CONTENT shall greet us IN THIS SPOT at last.

To

To conclude, in the language of my departed friend, 'These circumstances of scenery, and rural appendages, form such a pleasing combination, that few situations can certainly, be more gratifying or agreeable, to the wishes and expectations of the visitor.'

At TROSTRE, near Hillgrove, on the banks of the river Usk, are very extensive Iron Works, carried on by the Trostre Company, who have here a handsome residence. The river at this place abounds with salmon: and the inspection of the TRAP for taking of them would afford some amusement to those travellers, who had not before witnessed such a method for their destruction.

LANSAINTFRAED.

Returning again to the turnpike road, from whence we had a little deviated, we soon arrive at the above mansion, recorded, in the pedigree of the Herberts, to have been the residence of their ancestors, at a very early period.

Thomas ap Gwillim ap Jenkin,* of Perthyer [in the parish of Rockfield, two miles from Monmouth], who was seated here in the reign of Richard II. made great additions to his fortune, by his marriage with MAUD,

* William ap Jenkin, called Herbert, or Hirbert, possibly from his stature and beauty,—the word, in Cambro-British, meaning TALL and BEAUTIFUL,—was lord of Gwerndee [the black orles], a short distance from Abergavenny, and had 4 sons,—the third of whom Howell ap Gwillim, called Herbert, was ancestor of the Jones's of Treowen, Lanarth, and Clytha; Mr. Jones of Lanarth being heir-male of the said Howell.

daughter

daughter and heir of Sir John Morley, knight, Lord of RAGLAND CASTLE,—from whom the present Earl of Pembroke, by the male line, is descended.

His son, Sir Wm. Thomas, by the above lady, was a distinguished military character in the reign of Henry the Fifth, being present with his sovereign and countryman at the battle of Azincourt, in defence of whose person he lost his life, while bravely fighting by his side,—in reward for which gallant action, the Prince, in his dying moments, stood over his body, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, as the last token of respect for his services in that ever memorable engagement.

In the person of his son William Herbert, his house became ennobled by king Edward IV. who conferred on him the dignity of EARL of PEMBROKE;—*and here* I must again repeat the remark which the page of history so faithfully proclaims, "That the highest situations are "often doomed to experience the severest misfortunes." Compelled, by the political violence of the times in which he lived, to espouse the cause of the House of York, he, with his brother Sir Richard Herbert, by order of Edward the fourth, raised an army of ten thousand men (principally Welch), and putting himself at the head of it, marched to assist his sovereign, against a considerable force assembled out of the North, who had taken up arms against the king, at the instigation of the earl of Warwick.

Could we, who are far removed from the stage, but obtain admission behind the curtain of state affairs, we should oftentimes observe on how slight a pivot the deepest interests of society and public happiness are moved, as the following circumstance will sufficiently testify:

Proceeding

Proceeding on their march, the earl and his brother were joined by Stafford earl of Devonshire, who had with him a large body of archers. It had been previously agreed between these two noblemen, that whichever of them arrived first at an inn, should retain possession of their quarters. Now it happened, that on their coming to an inn on the road, the mistress of the house proved to have been formerly the *chere ami* of Devonshire,—who, conceiving an affront at the preference shewn by her to the earl of Pembroke, he in the night previous to the engagement at Edgcote, near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, withdrew himself and archers from the main body of the king's army; which reaching the ear of the Lancastrian party, they attacked the Yorkists in the morning with great fury; and, though the Earl and his brother performed prodigies of valour, particularly the latter, who twice made his way, with his poll-axe in his hand, through the chief ranks of the enemy, the royal army was defeated, and the Earl, with his brother, taken prisoners, whom their conquerors led to Northampton, where they were publickly beheaded, by order of the Earl of Warwick,—in revenge, as it was given out, for the death of Sir Ralph Neville, a general in the Lancastrian army, who had fallen into their hands, and decollated, by their command, a few days preceding the above engagement.

The dignity of the Earl in his latest moments commands our utmost reverence; nor do the annals of history present an instance of sublimer virtue, than the dying request of this distinguished nobleman. When led together to the scaffold, he exclaimed to the people with which the spot was surrounded, "As to my own life, I am indif-"ferent about its continuance; but, *let me intreat you,* "*to* SPARE MY BROTHER'S, *for he is worthy of serving*

"*the*

the proudest prince in Christendom!" Alas, his appeal, forcible as it was to the feelings, had no effect on the minds of his enemies; and they bowed their heads to the block, to receive the stern mandate of authority from the hands of the public executioner.

The treacherous conduct of Devonshire, in the desertion of his friend, soon met with its merited reward; for, being taken prisoner shortly after, by king Edward's forces, he was, in his turn, led to that fate which his baseness had imposed upon others; and he left the world, under the taunts and jeers of the surrounding multitude, as "*an Earl of three months standing!*"—from having been advanced to that honor of the peerage within the above stated period.

A distinguished branch of this house has preserved some interesting circumstances, connected with the history of these gallant brothers, as well as the events here under consideration; which, as the work from whence they are taken is scarce, are worthy of a place in these pages.

"My great great grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook was that incomparable hero, who (in the history of Hall and Grafton as it appears) twice past through a great army of Northern men alone, with his poll-ax in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gall, or the Knight of the Sun. I shall besides this relation of Sir Richard Herbert's prowess in that battle at Banbury, or Edgcot-hill, being the place where the late battle was fought, deliver some traditions concerning him, which I have received from good hands.

"One is, that the said Sir Richard Herbert being employed together with his brother William Earl of Pembroke to reduce certain rebels in North Wales, Sir Richard Herbert besieged a principal person of them at Harlech Castle in Merionethshire, the captain of this place had been a soldier in the wars of France,

France, whereupon he said he had kept a castle in France so long, that he made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep the castle so long that he would make the old women in France talk of him; and indeed as the place was almost impregnable but by famine, Sir Richard was constrained to take him in by composition, he surrendered himself upon condition, that Sir Richard Herbert should do what he could to save his life, which being accepted, Sir Richard brought him to King Edward IV. desiring his Highness to give him a pardon, since he yielded up a place of importance, which he might have kept longer, upon this hope; but the King replying to Sir Richard Herbert, that he had no power by his commission to pardon any, and therefore might after the representation hereof to his Majesty, safe deliver him up to justice; Sir Richard Herbert answered he had not yet done the best he could for him, and therefore most humbly desired his Highness to do one of two things, either to put him in the castle where he was, and command some other to take him out, or, if his Highness would not do so, to take his life for the said captain's, that being the last proof he could give that he used his utternost endeavour to save the said captain's life.

The King finding himself urged thus far, gave Sir Richard Herbert the life of the said captain, but withal he bestowed no other reward for his service. The other history is that Sir Richard Herbert, together with his brother the Earl of Pembroke being in Anglesey, apprehending there seven brothers which had done many mischiefs and murders; in these times the Earl of Pembroke thinking it fit to root out so wicked a progeny, commanded them all to be hanged; whereupon the mother of them coming to the Earl of Pembroke, upon her knees desired him to pardon two, or at leastwise one of her said sons, affirming that the rest were sufficient to satisfy justice or example, which request also Sir Richard Herbert seconded; but the Earl finding them all equally guilty, said he could make no distinction betwixt them, and therefore commanded them to be executed together; at which the mother was so aggrieved, that with a pair of woollen beads on her arms (for so the relation goeth), she on her knees curst him, praying God's mischief might fall to him in the first battle he should

make: The Earl after this, coming with his brother to Edgcot field as is before set down, after he had put his men in order to fight, found his brother Sir Richard Herbert in the head of his men, leaning upon his poll-ax in a kind of sad or pensive manner, whereupon the Earl said, what doth thy great body (for he was higher by the head than any one in the army) apprehend any thing that thou art so melancholy, or art thou weary with marching, that thou doest lean thus upon thy poll-ax? Sir Richard Herbert replyed, that he was neither of both, whereof he should see the proof presently: Only I cannot but apprehend on your part, lest the curse of the woman with the woollen beads fall upon you. This Sir Richard Herbert lieth buried in Abergavenny in a sumptuous monument for those times, which still remains; whereas his brother the Earl of Pembroke,* being buried in Tintern Abbey, his monument, together with the church, lye now wholly defaced and ruined."

'Thus, says Mr. Williams, at a time, when military 'talents constituted the first claim to honors and wealth, 'the family of Herbert spread its branches and ramifica- 'tions through the whole of ancient Siluria; and in Mon- 'mouthshire, possessed several of the best mansions and 'estates. But at this time, there is not a gentleman of 'the name of Herbert in the county; and the present 'Earl of Pembroke, the representative of a family, which 'ruled it by the influence of extensive manors, is not the 'proprietor of an acre of its land.

* On the death of this nobleman, William his son and heir succeeded to the title; but King Edward IV. being desirous to dignify his son prince Edward, with the Earldom of Pembroke, procured a resignation of the same from this William; and in lieu thereof created him "Earl of Huntingdon." Which William married Mary, the 5th sister and co-heir of Richard Woodville, Earl of Rivers, by whom he had an only daughter his heir, named Elizabeth, who married Sir Charles Somerset, afterwards created Earl of Worcester, and carried with her the vast possessions of her ancestors into this family, with whose descendants they have ever since continued.

'Such

'Such are the vicissitudes of a great house, whose fortunes have been connected with those of Courts; while an elder branch of the same family has retained, in the revolutions of centuries, the possessions of its ancestors, under the disadvantages of a religion, which, since the Reformation, has excluded it from favour, interest, or protection at Court; supposed to be the means of acquiring or preserving estates in families, through any considerable succession of ages.'

Lansaintfraed having continued, for several centuries, in a regular male succession, the issue at last ended in an only daughter, named Susan (whose father's name was Henry, and he the son of William) Jones, by whose marriage with the father of the late John Rickards, esq. the estate became his property.

Some years ago it was let to James Greene, esq. who first improved, beautified, and adorned the mansion: but, since his removal, added to the death of Mr. Rickard's, the estate has been sold to Richard Lee, esq. of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, in whose possession it now remains. The house occupies a pleasing eminence, on the right of the turnpike road, and commands a view of some of the finest scenery in the county, particularly the vale, through which the river Usk winds its course; bounded on every side by the lofty mountains, particularly specified from the *Grotto*, at *Hillgrove*, the landscape here glowing in the profusion of all its beauties.

LANSAINTFRAED CHURCH,

[In Welch, signifies the Church dedicated to St. BRIDGET,]

Has much to interest the mind within its walls;

And contains the following MONUMENTAL RECORD of the HERBERT FAMILY:

INSCRIPTION IN LANSAINTFRAED CHURCH.

NERE THIS PLACF LYE ENTERED THESE DEAD BODIES UNDER NAMED:

THOM: GLM: JENK: Esq. 8 July, 1438, and Maud his Wife, Dau: to Sir John Morley, Knight, and his Coheir:

PHILIP there Sone and Heire, 9 No: 1460: and Johan his Wife, Da: and Heire of Tho: Blethyn, of Pentre, Esq. 7 June 1458:

DAVID there Sone and Heire, 19 De: 1510: Katherine his Wife, Da: to Sir Roger Vahan, Knight, 26 Mar: 1520:

THOMAS there Son and Heire, 3 Apr. 1537: and Jane his Wife, Da: to John Thomas, of Tre-Owen, Esq. 13 Aug: 1553:

JOHN, there Sone and Heire, 30 Mai 1533: but Gwenlian his Wife, Da: to Edwa: Jones, of Aberga: Gen: was buruied in her Brother Edward's Sepulcher, on the North Side of the Highe Altar in Sainte Maries there, 23 Sep: 1597:

WATER, theire Son and Heire, 17: Apr: 1606: and Lettis his Wife, Da: of John Willms: of Newpo: Gen: 19 Jan: 1623.

W*

14 Sep.

For an eternal Token of Respect,
To you, my Sires, these Stones I doe erect;
Your worthy Bones deserve of me, in Brass,
A rarer Tomb than stately Hatton has:
But sithe my Menes no Parte of such affoord,
Instede thereof accept this Tomb of Words.

I*

1624.

The following Anecdote of the WERNDEE Family, near Abergavenny, was furnished by the late William Jones, esq. of Clytha,—who says, "The old inhabitants of this county valued themselves much on "account of their families:"

About eighty years ago [the account was written in 1795], Mr. Proger, of Werndee, hearing from a friend that he intended to visit him, took a ride, on the morning of the day when he expected him, to Monmouth, in order to shew him the way to his house that evening. They dined at Monmouth; but as it rained hard, they were obliged to stay there some hours longer than they intended. However, on its clearing up in the evening, Mr. Proger proposed setting out immediately; to this the stranger objected, it being rather late, and he was afraid it would soon begin to rain again. As to its being late, replied Mr. Proger, we shall have moon-light; and if it should happen to rain hard, Perthyer is but a little way out of our road, and my cousin Powell will, I am sure, be very ready to give us a night's lodging. They accordingly mounted their horses; but had not gone far, when the rain began again to pour: They therefore rode up to Perthyer, where they found every thing still; in fact, it being a long summer's evening, the family were all gone to bed; but, as Mr. Proger knew in what part of the house Mr. Powell lay, he was determined he should himself hear him, and therefore, shouted aloud under his chamber window. Mr. Powell soon heard him, and putting his head out at the window, asked, *In the name of wonder, what means all this noise? Who is there?*—"It is only your cousin Proger of Werndee, who is come to your hospitable "door, for shelter from the inclemency of the weather; and hopes you will be so kind "as to give him, and a friend of his, a night's lodging."—"What, is it you, cousin "Proger? You and your friend shall be instantly admitted; but upon one condition; "namely, That you will admit now, and never hereafter dispute, that I am the head "of your family."—"What was that you said?" replied Mr. Proger.—"Why, I say, "that if you expect to pass the night in my house, you must admit that I am the head "of your family."—"No, Sir, I never will admit that.—Were it to rain swords and "daggers, I would ride through them this night to Werndee, sooner than let down "the consequence of my family, by submitting to such an ignominious condition." Come up, Bald! come up! "Stop a moment, cousin Proger; have you not often "admitted, that the first Earl of Pembroke (of the name of *Herbert*), was a younger "son of Perthyer; and will you set yourself up above the *Earls of Pembroke*?"—"True "it is, I must give place to the Earl of Pembroke, because he is a Peer of the Realm; "but still, though a Peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended "from the fourth son of Werndee, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthyer, "whereas I am descended from the eldest son. Indeed, my cousin Jones of Llanarth "is of a branch of the family elder than you are; and yet he never disputes my being "the head of the family." "Well, cousin Proger, I have nothing more to say; "Good night to you." "Stop a moment, Mr. Powell, (cried the stranger) you see "how it pours; do let me in at least; I will not dispute with you about our fami-"lies." "Pray, Sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?" "My "name is so and so; and I come from such a county. A Saxon of course; it would "indeed be very curious, Sir, were I to dispute with a Saxon about family. No, Sir, "you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend; so, good night to you both." Thus did the folly of family pride oblige two gentlemen to ride about twelve miles in a very wet evening. Williams's "History of Monmouthshire."

From

From Lansaintfraed,—the road still continues to charm the eye by its fine scenery,—when on reaching

COLDBROOK,

the mind is again awakened, by the historical recollections of the former owners of the mansion.

This HOUSE is memorable for having been the residence of THREE distinguished characters, viz. Sir Richard Herbert, whom we have before noticed,—Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who lived both here and at Saint Julians in this county,—and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K. B. the distinguished wit and companion in the reign of George II. The present owner, John Hanbury Williams, esq. is nephew to the latter gentleman. His father, Mr. George Hanbury, of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, succeeded Sir Charles, and took upon *him* the name he now bears, on coming into possession *of these* estates, which were of considerable value; lying within a ring fence, and in one of the most pleasant parts of the kingdom.

'*Coldbrook House* is situated in a beautiful woodland, 'at the base of a hill, called the Little Skirrid,—in the 'Cambro-British, Skyrryd Vach. Though the summits 'of all the little undulations of the ground command 'beautiful views, the house is a retired object; and though 'it has some circumstances tending to magnificence when 'examined, the first ideas, on approaching it, are those of 'solitude and simplicity. The imagination is not diverted 'from the soothing notion of a retreat, by any trinkets 'scattered around; and hardly any of the collateral cir-'cumstances, in the paths and stations of the paddock, 'disagree with the general character. The present con-'dition, and even the furniture, are nearly the same as 'they were left by the late Sir C. Hanbury Williams,

'whose

'whose characteristic was the love of pleasure. Some of 'the pictures, and a few culinary dispositions, are the 'principal indications of the man; for the sober and tem- 'perate disposition of the place remains, and even vanity 'has left it, simple, elegant, and free from ostentation.'

Williams's History of Monmouthshire.

The mansion is not publickly shewn,—but in my own person this favour was granted; which afforded particular pleasure, from contemplating, for the first time, the portraits here preserved of Sir C. H. Williams,* of whom there are two,—a whole length, and kit-cat size,—but I could not learn who painted them.

Sir Charles is drawn in a thoughtful posture (copied I conceive from an attitude in which Mr. Pope is represented), his head supported by the right hand, his elbow resting on a writing desk, while in the left he holds a paper, on which is wrote "Isabella, or the Morning," alluding to his poem so named. His countenance impresses us with the idea of a fine open, manly, intelligent character; and appears to have been taken when he was about 45 years of age. His POEMS have given him a name in the Republic of Letters; but their interest is lost

* A PORTRAIT of Sir CHARLES is in my possession; and there were also two others,—belonging to the Rev. Duncombe P. Davies, Vicar, and the late Captain Charles Phillips, of Monmouth; each, on the authority of the above gentlemen, a present, from Sir Charles, to their respective fathers, who were in strict intimacy with the distinguished donor; but who the painter was is uncertain. I accompanied Sir M. S. (who informed me, he had a most extensive collection of Portraits), to inspect the Portrait in the possession of Captain Phillips; who said, "That though it was a good picture, and an excellent likeness, it was "only A COPY." How to reconcile such an opinion is difficult, when we are told, that it came to Mr. Phillips from Sir Charles when he was Ambassador at Dresden, and had since continued in the family. Sir M. did not declare to me what cabinet possessed the ORIGINAL.

at

at the present day, being written chiefly on subjects and characters which time has consigned to oblivion.

Adjoining to Coldbrook is the HARDWICK FARM, occupied by Mr. EWER; from whence a beautiful drive, through the same charming scenery, conducts us to the pleasant town of

ABERGAVENNY;

Where the traveller will meet with an agreeable amusement in visiting the remains of its ancient CASTLE; and from the WALKS about it he will obtain delightful views of the surrounding country. Nor should he omit the CHURCH,—unquestionably the finest and most historical in Monmouthshire.

PLEASANT EXCURSIONS.

The Sugarloaf Mountain.—The Blorens, and extensive Iron-work Works of the Blanavon Company.

Mr. Jones's Walks, and Clytha Castle.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more charming than the continuance of the Tour to BRECKNOCK. On leaving Abergavenny, the road may be deemed a grand pass between hills, whose vales are watered by the river Usk,—which continues a playful companion; and at the

VILLAGE OF CRICK-HOWEL,

a distance of six miles, he may pass some hours in the contemplation of the diversified objects that every where arrest his attention.

Having accompanied the Traveller into Breconshire, I recommend to his Notice "Mr. Jones's History of that County."

FINIS.

Interesting Information to the Traveller through
Monmouthshire.

BY CHARLES HEATH, MONMOUTH.

The Excursion down the Wye from Ross TO MONMOUTH;

Including Historical and Descriptive Accounts of Wilton and Goodrich Castles, Court Hill, the Scenery at King's Weir, the Prior's New Weirs, Redbrook, Lone Cottage, the Valley of

[illegible] JOHN KYRLE, Esquire,

[illegible] THE MAN OF ROSS.

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No Stranger who shall favour the Town with a Visit, should omit to view this Spot, which commands one of the most beautiful Views in the Kingdom. Language cannot convey a faint Idea of its Beauties.

The Height here is crowned with Temples.

Historical and descriptive Accounts of the ancient and present State of

TINTERN ABBEY,

Allowed by all Travellers who have seen it, to be

One of the most beautiful Ruins of the kind, in the Kingdom.

Price—Half a Crown.